Fit "TripleX" and be safe Riley do

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLV No. 1889 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — APRIL 4 1936

NEW 6D SIZE **GENASPRIN** NOW 2/- BOTTLE

THE *SAFE* BRAND OF ASPIRIN — INCREASED TO 50 TABLETS

The Talk o' the Town

SILVERDALE TEA

Write for Particulars: SILVERDALE I. PAUL STREET. LONDON. E.C.2

For pleasant holidays choose

LAUSANNE SWITZERLAND

A centre of Education. The healthiest resort, with the very best-known physicians, and

LAUSANNE-PALACE-BEAU-SITE

The leading high-class hotels in town and the nicest position, overlooking Lake and Alps. Own Magnificent Park, Private Tennis Courts, Golf Links (18 holes), Bathing Beach, Garage. Premises of the British and American Club in the Hotels. NEAR THE MOST FAMOUS SCHOOLS. Best Cuisine. Reasonable Rates.

LUCIEN A. POLTÉRA, *Director.*

HEDGES & BUTLER Ltd.

Price List of

WINES, SPIRITS & CIGARS *on application*

153, REGENT STREET, LONDON

Telephone: Regent 4444

By Appointment

Brighton, Bournemouth and Branches.

WINE MERCHANTS

ESTABLISHED 1667

EASTER at Le Touquet

HOTEL ROYAL PICARDY

Open from April 8th until 15th

400 Rooms—400 Baths

The Best and the Most Comfortable Hotel

BOLS

Others of the famous Liqueurs made in Amsterdam

GOLDEN APRICOT

A Liqueur of exquisite bouquet.

KÜMMEL—always with your coffee.
CURAÇAO—an after-lunch liqueur.
CREME DE MENTHE—aids digestion.
CHERRY BRANDY—warming.
MARASCHINO—on your grape-fruit.
V. O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS)—one glass a day.

Founded in Amsterdam 1575

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD. **FOR INSURANCE**

HEAD OFFICE: 83 PALL MALL S.W.1

A LONG TALE
DESERVES A LONG DRINK
— CRAWFORD'S!

★★★★★
FIVE STAR
OLD LIQUEUR
For very Special
Occasions.

"SPECIAL RESERVE"
Scotland's Choicest
Standard Blend

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

THIS SUMMER MAKE THE MOST OF THE SUNNY DAYS

Have a revolving sunshine room in your garden. In its pleasant interior enjoy morning coffee or afternoon tea. Use it as a lounge, reading room and study. Make the most of the sunny days and enjoy better health. Many designs.

Write for Catalogue 992.

BOULTON & PAUL LTD.
NORWICH

Also 139, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4

LOVELY HAIR WHEREVER YOU GO

A little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL well rubbed into the scalp every day will promote the growth of the hair; it will keep it in perfect condition and impart to it a lovely glossiness.

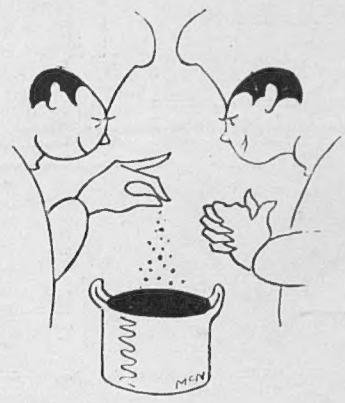
ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Send for free Booklet on the Hair

From all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/-, and 10/6

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 22, Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1

OUR CHEFS



thrilled to the finger tips
at the perfecting of a
new discovery

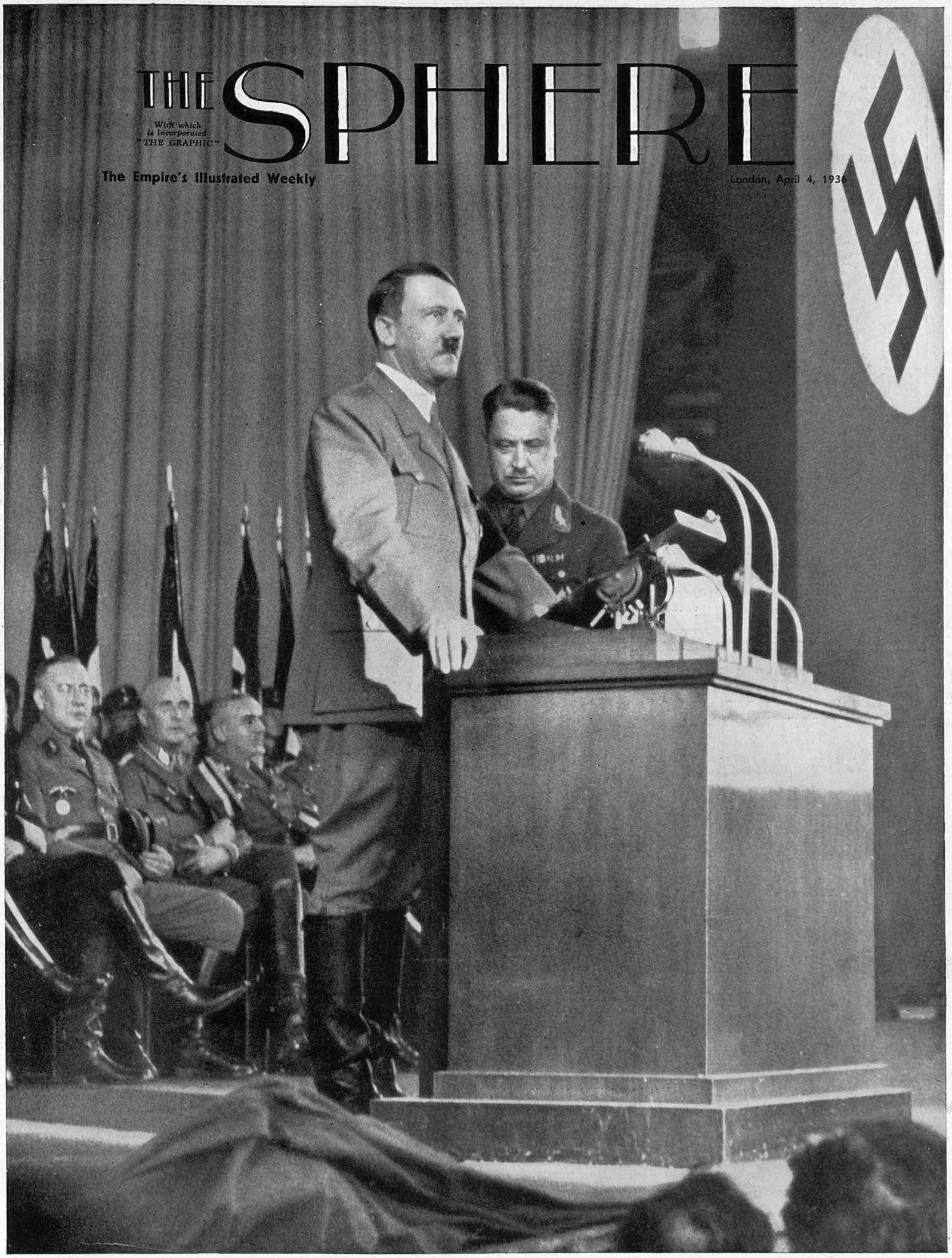
THE FOOD IS GOOD ON
ORIENT LINE CRUISES

SAILINGS April 24 May 2 16 23 June 27
July 4 11 18 25 August 1, 8 and 22

Managers: Anderson, Green and Co. Ltd.
5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

West End Offices: 14 Cockspur St., S.W.1 & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2
Telephones: MAN. 3456 WHI. 6981 TEM. 2258
or Agents

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 4, 1936

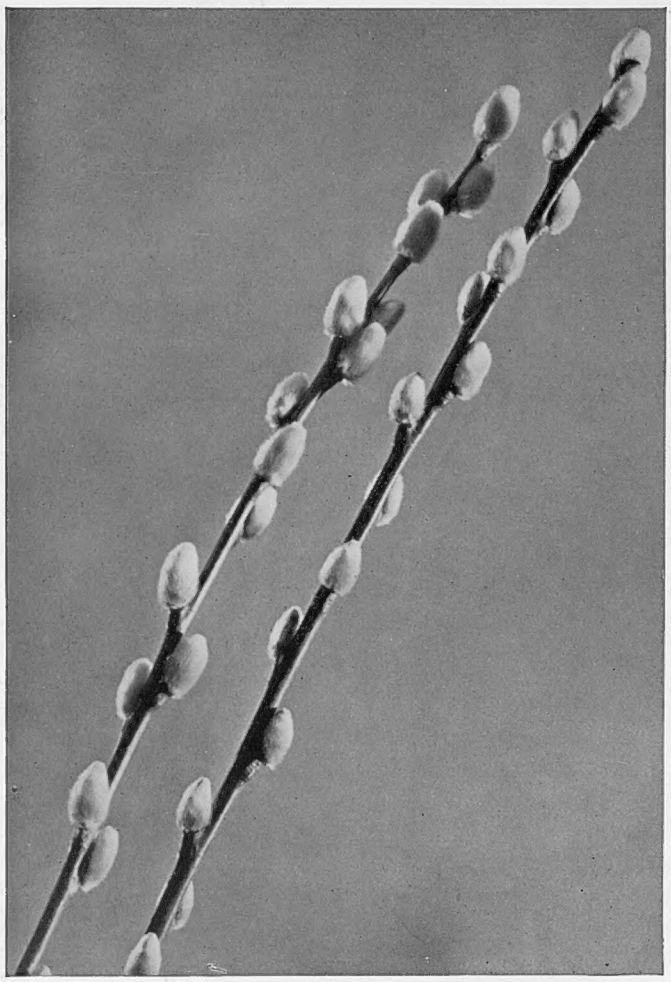


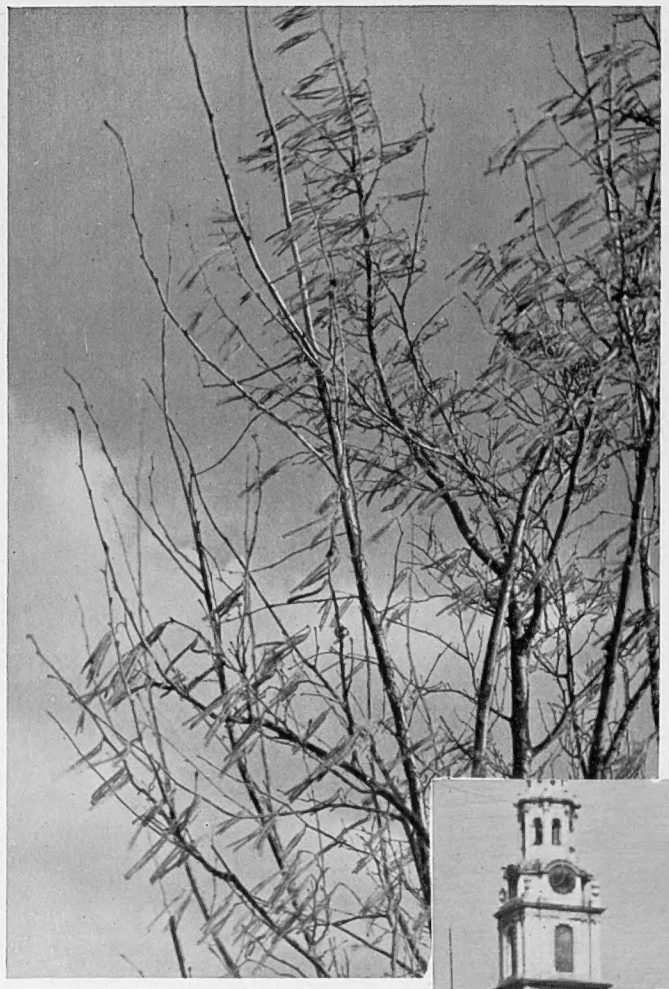
Germany's Momentous Election

Chancellor Hitler Speaking in the Festhalle at Ludwigshafen During the Last Days of His Campaign

Few elections in any country in modern times have involved such a tremendous issue, or indeed been attended by such publicity as that held in Germany last Sunday, for it was generally felt that upon the degree of solidarity revealed by the verdict of the people depended whether Germany would adopt a less arbitrary attitude towards the Rhineland question or, in the words of Chancellor Hitler, would "refuse to yield an inch of her liberties." The result, as all the world knows, was a handsome majority for the Nazi regime, about 99 per cent. of the electorate voting for the Party List, and, although no opportunity was offered for recording adverse votes, the same effect could be obtained by rendering ballot papers invalid. The election itself, and the campaign that preceded it, evoked an extraordinary series of demonstrations, and when the Führer made his final plea at Cologne for his "policy of honour, freedom, and peace," an almost religious note crept into the proceedings. "We are a more decent and better nation," he said, "and find that the blessing of the Lord is once more slowly turning towards us. Let us go down on our knees in this hour and beg the Almighty to give us the power to survive the battle for liberty"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.





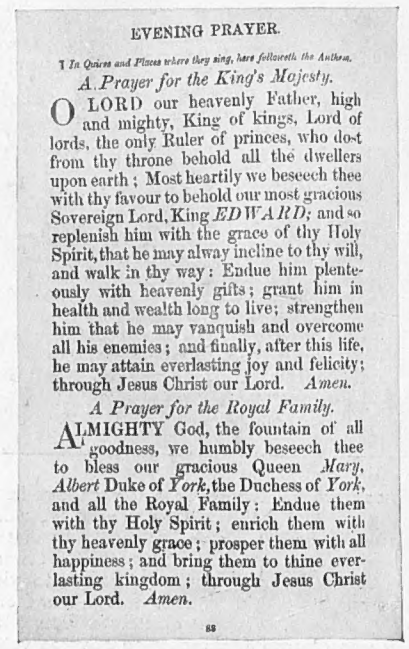
"THE BUD IS ON THE BOUGH AGAIN": Willow catkins and hazel catkins proclaim spring's welcome debut in the English countryside

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4,
Wednesday, April 1, 1936.

CLEARING THE AIR AGAIN?

—Pollution is always with us. We clear the air and the chimneys belch again and the smoke-fog blankets over us once more. Certainly, Mr. Eden made last week a fine speech and Parliament spoke frankly and the House went home with cleared brains. Oh Lord, how long? Is Europe clear about British policy for a month ahead? Is the British Cabinet? We hope for the best. If our hopes are not dupes, our Government is pledged:—(a) Never to suffer subservience to foreign claims to dictate either the policy of this country *vis-à-vis* Europe, or its military dispositions or commitments. (b) To profit by the German offer to re-enter an international system of lasting peace. (c) To pursue under the League whole-heartedly conciliation with Germany and subject only to the fetters of our Locarno agreement. Mr. Eden clearly said that, if we were not fettered by Locarno, we should let bygones be bygones and go baldheaded for Germany's way to peace. He has made it quite clear that Locarno considerations compelled us reluctantly to stress Germany's breach and to subscribe to those conditions precedent which France regards as an ultimatum, but which the British Government, to France's chagrin, insists on labelling as mere proposals inviting counter proposals from Germany. In other words, Mr. Eden has assured a very critical British public that we have not been, and shall not be, led by France in this last chance for peace, and that we have done everything possible (and shall do) to let bygones be bygones, subject to the bare minimum of our legal obligations under Locarno. To that our Government is pledged and should be pinned. If Germany has been Macchiavellian and hereby has driven a wedge between us and France, as it is held she sought to do, on Mr. Eden's words that unfortunate result is implicit in our now declared policy. We are for peace at almost any price up to our bare legal honour under existing treaties. We are pledged to go far beyond what France will go, to ensure conciliation with Germany. And that, right or wrong, is what the British public insists on and demands of its Government. Memory is short. Let us at least remember Mr. Eden's words in relation to Germany's latest answer.



EVENING PRAYER.

¶ *In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem.*

A Prayer for the King's Majesty.

O LORD our heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth; Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King *EDWARD*; and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that he may alway incline to thy will, and walk in thy way: Endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant him in health and wealth long to live; strengthen him that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies; and finally, after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer for the Royal Family.

ALMIGHTY God, the fountain of all goodness, we humbly beseech thee to bless our gracious Queen *Mary*, *Albert* Duke of *York*, the Duchess of *York*, and all the Royal Family: Endue them with thy Holy Spirit; enrich them with thy heavenly grace; prosper them with all happiness; and bring them to thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

ALTERATIONS TO THE PRAYER BOOK: A page from the new edition with the words "King Edward" replacing "King George", and with the Duke of York as heir presumptive to the throne, and the Duchess of York mentioned by name for the first time

MINISTERS' SALARIES.—

If it be true that money can buy the best in every profession, reason would that we should pay our Ministers of State £30,000 a year a head. But is it true of politics? Are we to declare that, had we in 1910 paid our Ministers the rates which the supermen in finance and industry insist upon as their due, the tragedy of the world to-day and most of our still subsisting social evils, had been averted or removed? We know it is nonsense to say so, and if it be nonsense, then the policy of raising Ministerial salaries is not soundly based on that premise. We know that power is a more intoxicating drink than wealth, and for an ambitious man no amount of money can be set beside the power of a British Premier or Foreign Secretary for good or ill. That the salaries of Ministers should be adjusted is no doubt reasonable, but it does not follow that they should be all scaled up. The offices of State have in the past decades altered in relative importance and almost all have gained in responsibility and gravity of duty. That may be an argument for levelling up, but first it must be reckoned what is the sum, judged by to-day's standard of living, which a Minister must receive annually to put him beyond and above the petty financial cares of life and make him truly independent. Once so settled, the power and position he acquires as a Minister will always tempt the right man in. The mischief lies in the exaggerated standard of what it is fitting to pay your superman in industry and finance. I refuse to believe that, if we could have bought such men into politics in 1910 and onwards, the world would have been a much better place than it is to-day. Many mediocrities have guided our destinies during the past two reigns, but they were the best we could get. Apart from the Premier, whose claim to receive a higher salary is firmly based by the conditions attaching to his office, the only argument for raising their screws appears to be the undoubted fact that modern conditions force them to work like galley slaves nowadays while in office. But that is not a main plank used in the argument for a scaling-up of ministerial salaries. I am convinced that no man, who has not the handicap of inherited possessions, should demand more than £4,000 a year net for his personal use, to ensure him freedom from the petty cares of life in his station, and to give him and his family the dignity and ease to which his position and responsibilities entitle them. And I fancy that the present Government would not be anxious to express to-day a contrary view.

THE AMERICAN FLOODS.

—It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the floods which have devastated a dozen States in Northern America have reacted in favour of Mr. Roosevelt's ambitious but far-sighted plans in his New Deal for soil conservation and flood control. He was in the strong position of being able first to take measures to alleviate the appalling damage done, and then to resist saying "I told you so." The major items in the list of flood tragedies included 200 deaths, hundreds of thousands rendered homeless and workless, material damage assessed at scores of millions sterling, and epidemic diseases rife. More than this, an area as large as a smaller European country is rendered, and must remain, dangerously susceptible to flooding for at least another year, and possibly until national measures can be taken to restore Nature's safeguards, and to instal the devices of science to counteract flooding. It is no business of the foreigner to fret at the apparent failure of the constitution of another country. But it is difficult for him not to comment on what seems to him tragical in the American Constitution. The constitutional rights of individual States appear for ever to block national co-ordination, and the spheres of national life have suffered more by this jealous conservation than those of agriculture, and judicial and police administration. It is not our business to judge nor even to criticise. We are not in a position to do so, not understanding a tithe of the difficulties in the way of national planning nor fully comprehending the nature of that great fusion of races. But it is no longer in doubt that nation

efforts to ensure flood control must be at once pressed forward and that the N.R.A. has gained a fillip through the inclusion in it in concrete form of plans to that end, and that the wanton desecration of agricultural land in the various States must be checked. A huge acreage of such land which, properly used, might have indefinitely provided food and employment for a great population, has been stripped of its essential top soil, with its protective vegetation and its absorbent properties, by the thoughtless greed of man assisted by the frolic moods of Nature. No control has been possible and thus a not inconsiderable proportion of America's productive soil has been brought to the verge of desolation and turned into a constant menace to life and property. It is a lesson too bitter again to be forgotten.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE SHAMBLES.—Several people in these parts where I live "had it from the stable" that Overcoat was a hot thing for the Lincolnshire, and when they learned without details that Overcoat (a Lincolnshire trained horse) had won, they took it as the natural reward of merit privately disclosed to them, and those humble participators in the

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE MARTYR KING: The annual memorial service, held by members of the Royal Martyr Church Union, in progress at the base of the statue of Charles I in Trafalgar Square. Buglers sounded the "Last Post" and "Reveille" at the end of the proceedings

secret who had risked a shilling on the issue wished heartily they had dared more and made £10 instead of 10s. But when details were available they had greater cause to thank the great god Chance. For Overcoat, though heavily backed, won over the fallen bodies of dangerous rivals. The course was, and is, apparently in bad condition. Whether or no reckless crossing led to the accident investigation may reveal. Less than four furlongs from home Tom Bowling, ridden by Dines, fell and broke his neck. Dines was badly hurt. Screamer came down across Tom Bowling, and Bow and Arrow crashed over them both. Hidalgo, lucky in having been schooled over hurdles, remembered his acquired gift and made a remarkable flight over the confused heap of struggling humanity and horseflesh, and saved himself and his rider, Gordon Richards, but was not placed. Overcoat won at 10—1, ridden by Weston, Boethius second at the same price, and those who backed Mistral III for a place got the same happy odds paid out. It was a tragic race and start to the season.

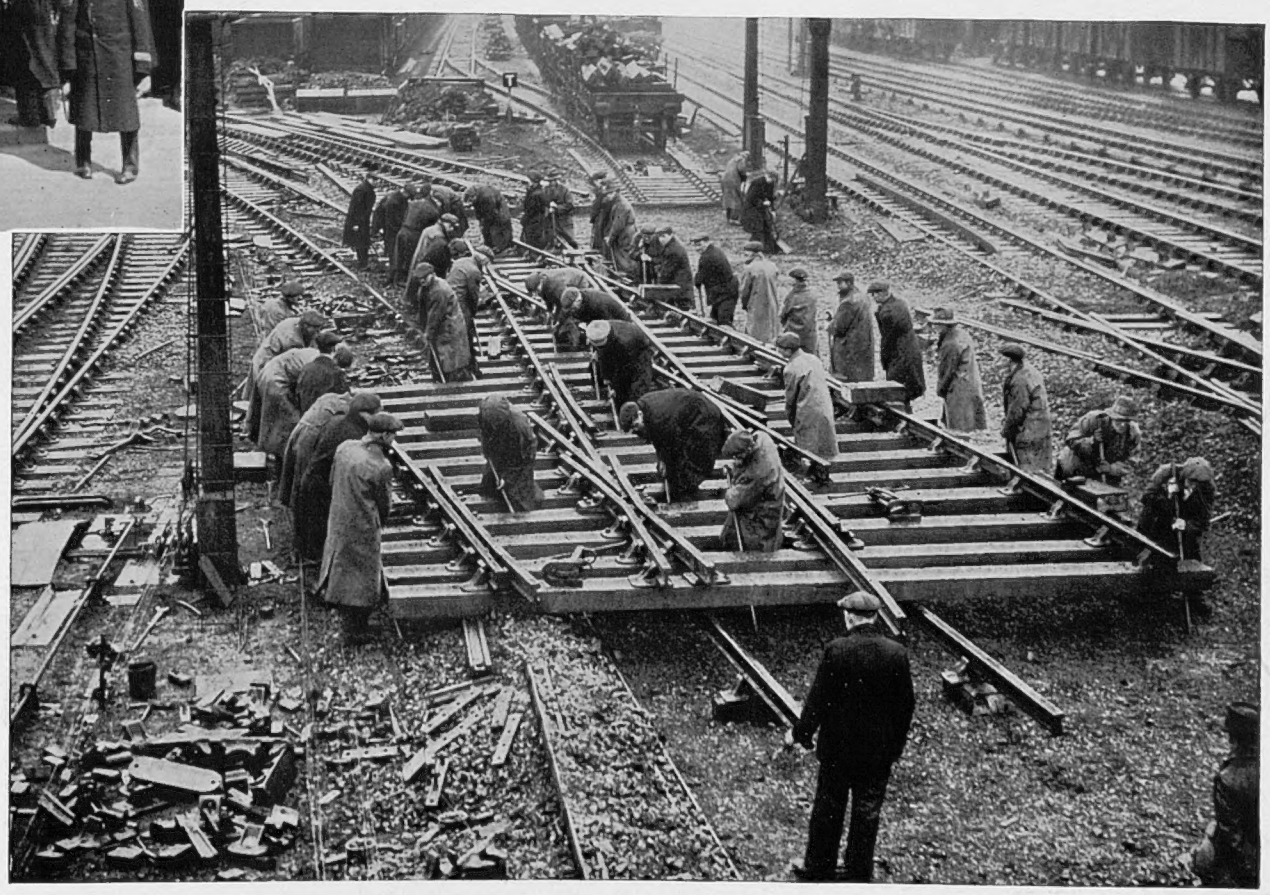
THE WELL-NAMED NATIONAL.—The big Steeplechase at Aintree is very happily named. It is grand and grows yearly grander in the mass of spectators, the luxurious arrangements for their transport and the efficient steps taken for their comfort and safety. And it is national and grows yearly more so, so that one day it will seriously rival the Derby as a British National holiday event. I don't know how many people were there last week. A measure of the interest taken in the event is given in the numbers who went round the course and "oo-oo-ed" at the big jumps on the Sunday before the race—quite 200,000 folk, many of whom came from far countries and counties, and were already established in and near Liverpool, in rooms booked a full year ago, to enjoy a whole week of thrills in anticipation, occurrence, and retrospect. Thirty miles of trains took luxury-cruisers to and fro. Scores of aeroplanes deposited smaller loads, mostly from Ireland and the West, but the flying arrangements had been wisely disciplined, and unlike last year there was no "landing where you please" and no shaving the heads of spectators on the course. The nimble (turf) accountant was disciplined also and watchful ring inspectors saw to it that he was not numbered among the "also ran"—to the great content of many lucky punters. As for the race itself, it afforded the desired crop of records; Reynoldstown won for the second year in succession, an event unique in our times. And the weather was mild and deliciously mid-April. And nine horses finished out of a field of thirty-five. And the piece of luck which gave Reynoldstown the victory was something of a rarity. Davy Jones and the Mildmays deserve our sympathy.

THE KING'S AEROPLANES.—Apropos a paragraph recently written in the Newsletter, regarding the possibility of a site being found for a royal aerodrome in Windsor Park, the impression was clearly given that the King possesses a fleet of aeroplanes. It is not so. At various times since he took to flying, he has bought new models, as car owners buy (and wear out) new cars, but at no one time has he possessed a fleet. To-day he possesses but one 'plane, and that is kept at Hendon. Errors are copied and passed on and exaggerated in journalism, and when a chance comes to correct them it should be taken. These errors are more often than not due to incalculable slips, as for example, the misprinting of a "has" for a "had." The average journalist forever has his eye on the clock, and often handles "news" and views without the necessary time for weighing and investigation. And the chance misplacement of a single letter may widely disseminate a misstatement which may be (but seldom is) an important one.

AN AMERICAN'S VIEW.—I sometimes hammer on about the "ideal" of that "closer co-operation between the two English-speaking nations" which remains an ideal *tout court*, despite the hammering. And my last reference evoked a reply from a genial but ferocious correspondent in the States who occasionally bludgeons me in a friendly way. "Why," says he, "do you want us in? Exactly to back up Britain's policy. And our knowledge of that fact is mainly why we stay out. We like you people and some of us think you the most civilised civilisation on earth. (It takes courage to state this because you English know it so well already and show it too well by half.) If we joined in, you would too often be up to your old, old speciality of getting other people to pull your chestnuts out of the fire and that would mean us. You once talked us into entering the World War and I doubt whether even your people yet half sense how clever they are at such persuasive propaganda . . . When at last the war was over and we Americans proposed a far-sighted peace, the Old World rejected it and brought about a vengeful and therefore shortsighted peace . . . And so our effort was largely wasted and I feel that the eighteen months I gave were wasted. I doubt whether we Americans will soon wish to get mixed up in any more Old-World parties. You people over there are too clever for us. You want to make all the arrangements." Then he turns to Italy and Abyssinia and blows the cant-fog from that issue, and pillories the high moral tone with which we invest our policy regarding it and the high cultured tone with which Italy justifies her invasion. But he ends affectionately. He would hate to see "the old lady" (i.e. Britain) in trouble not of her own making and might "hop in" to prevent it. I like his letter, while I dissent from some of his views. Time has its revenges. It was not many years ago that the old lady lived in a very one-horse burgh and was not widely admired by Americans for her cleverness. And neither now nor ever had we the monopoly of the fire for roasting monopoly chestnuts. Those United States have chestnuts also and may one day join an Old World party for comfort's sake and to ask for help in pulling *her* chestnuts out.

THE DUOMO.—Five hundred years ago last week Brunelleschi's Duomo, Santa Maria del Fiore, was consecrated in Florence, and the City of Flowers gave to the occasion a fitting celebration. It was one which thousands of Englishmen must have shared in thought. That brown dome, dominating the magic jewellery of Giotto's tower, and providing the necessary foil of sombre restraint, has given to countless millions a revelation of beauty which has lasted all their lives. Their first sight of Florence under a blue sky, pierced by those two matchless buildings—the one opalescent, the other sombre—has stood unchallenged among their memories of the revelations of art in the civilised world, and the great cathedral, to the perfection of which the best was never good enough, received a name of magical beauty which the veneration of mankind through five centuries has never questioned. It is one of the wonders of the world which, unhandicapped by human passions, have power to make brotherhood among nations. True, it was not raised without the conflict of human passions. Brunelleschi and Ghiberti were at daggers drawn as the mighty work proceeded. But men die, and their work that is good lives after them, and the genius of Giotto, Brunelleschi, and Ghiberti, and of a score of other Florentine craftsmen, has for 500 years sweetened a bitter world and lightened the darkness of human life.

THE OLD STAGER

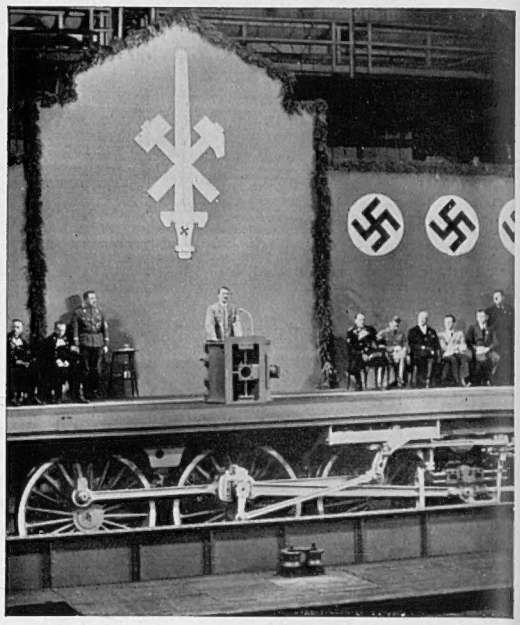


A TRACK RELAYING FEAT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY AT SLOUGH: This new section of line, 120 ft. long, 24 ft. wide, and weighing in the neighbourhood of 30 tons, is being finally adjusted after having been hauled into its approximate position over a specially prepared 100-yard runway by a locomotive, to which it was attached by chains

GERMANY FLOCKS TO THE POLLS

And Her Leaders Stump the Country to Whip Up Enthusiasm

THE CAMPAIGN ENDS ON A SOLEMN NOTE: Herr Hitler standing bareheaded in front of members of his Cabinet during the singing of the old Netherlands Thanksgiving Prayer in the hall at Cologne where the Chancellor made his final speech before last Sunday's election. Practically the whole German nation, assembled at huge indoor and outdoor gatherings throughout the country, shared in the proceedings through the medium of wireless and, in the words of one commentator, the solemnity of the occasion reached an almost religious pitch



A PEACE PLEA FROM THE KRUPP WORKS: The Chancellor, using the chassis of a locomotive as a platform and a piece of machinery as a desk, addressing employees at the famous armament factory at Essen. Over 120,000 men stopped work for an hour in order to hear him

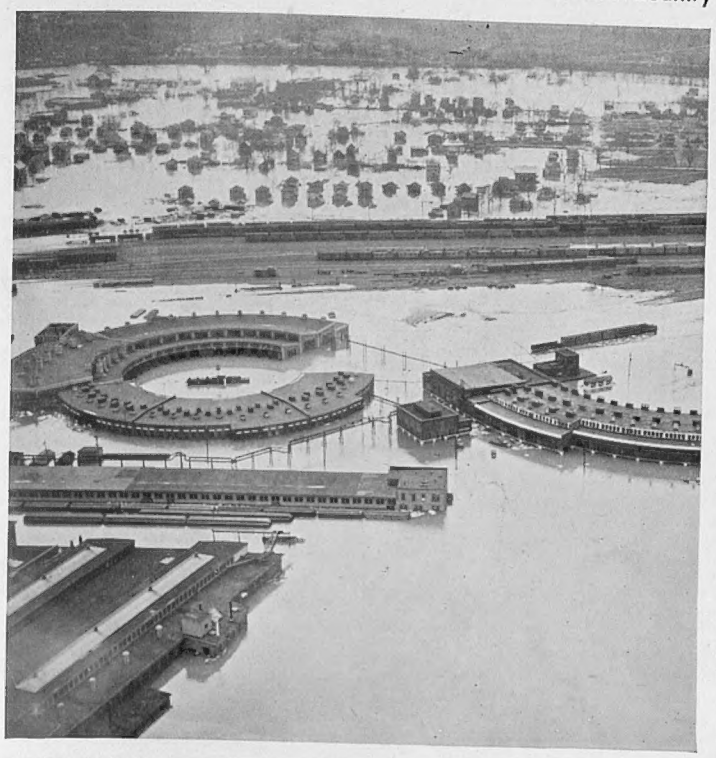
AND NONE WERE MISSED: An aged and infirm member of the electorate wheeled in her bath chair into a Berlin polling station to record her vote

JA! An impression of the dense throng that gathered in the Wilhelmstrasse and the adjoining Wilhelmplatz, Berlin, to hear the broadcasting of the results which revealed a 99 per cent. poll in support of the regime. As the day wore on enthusiasm increased and it reached fever pitch at 9.30, when the Führer appeared on the balcony of the Chancellery and was greeted with the Horst Wessel song. He stood for ten minutes acknowledging the ovation

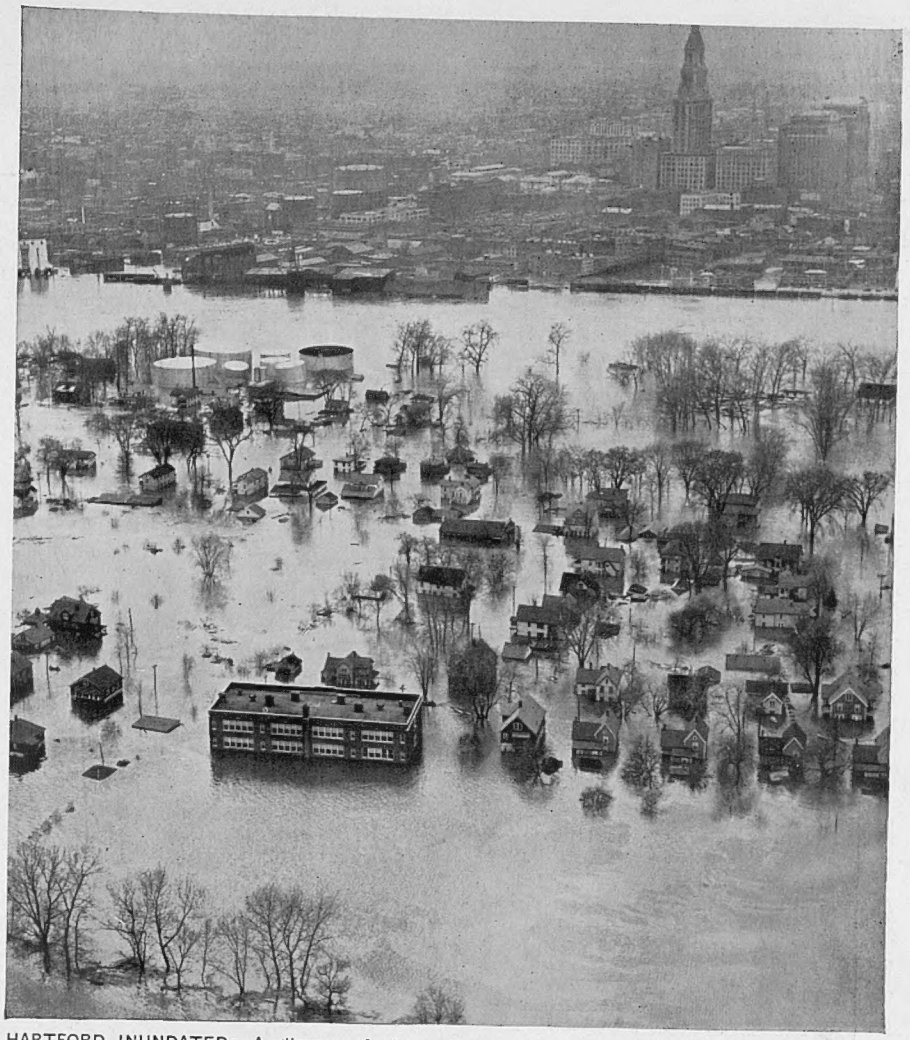
READING THE VERDICT: Chancellor Hitler looking over Dr. Goebbels' shoulder as he scrutinised the latest batch of election returns. The latter was responsible for organising the campaign

HAVOC OF THE FLOODS IN THE U.S.A.

Thousands Rendered Homeless as Rivers Invade Town and Country



A CITY OF DESOLATION: Houses isolated and a railway yard flooded to a depth of several feet at West Springfield, Massachusetts; only one of many centres in the United States that suffered severely



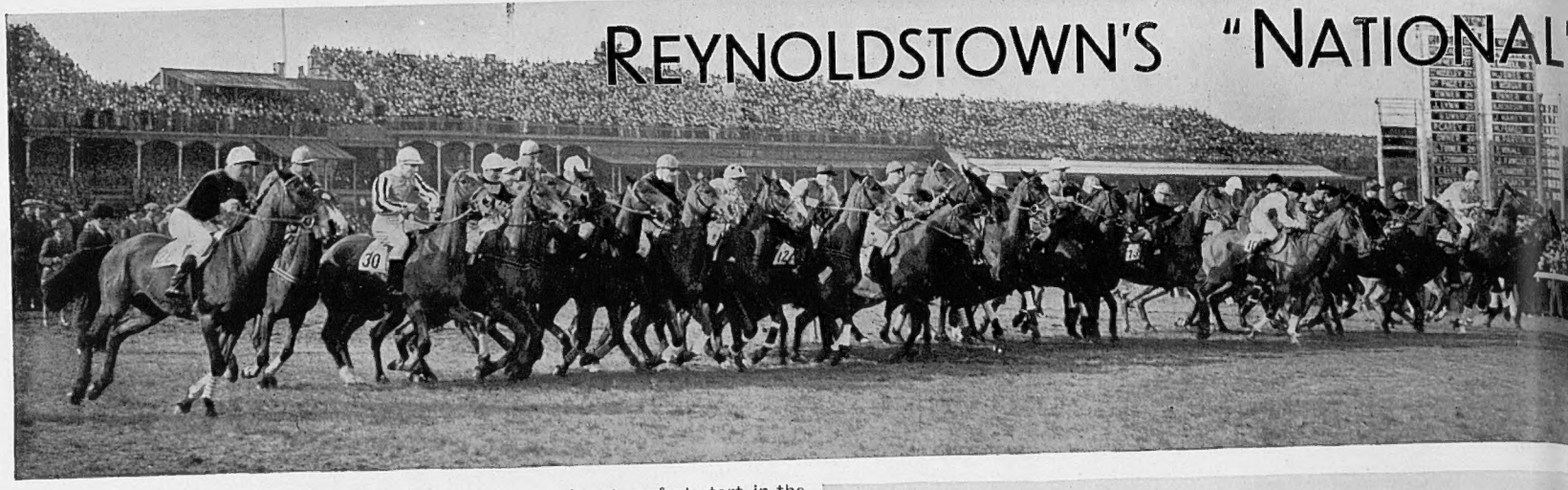
HARTFORD INUNDATED: A glimpse of the suburbs of this busy Connecticut manufacturing centre where a 40-ft. wall of water suddenly broke its dyke and swept down upon the city, covering the main streets to a depth of 5 ft. The great tanks of petrol seen in the middle distance were eventually forced from their foundations by the pressure of water

MAROONED: Householders who took refuge on the roofs of their homes in Pittsburgh, where at one time the water reached nearly to the top of the lower windows; 60,000 people are affected

THE NAVAL AIRPORT AT ANACOSTIA, D.C., which was inundated by the Potomac River which rose over 20 ft. above normal. In anticipation of the disaster forty 'planes were removed from their hangars the previous day

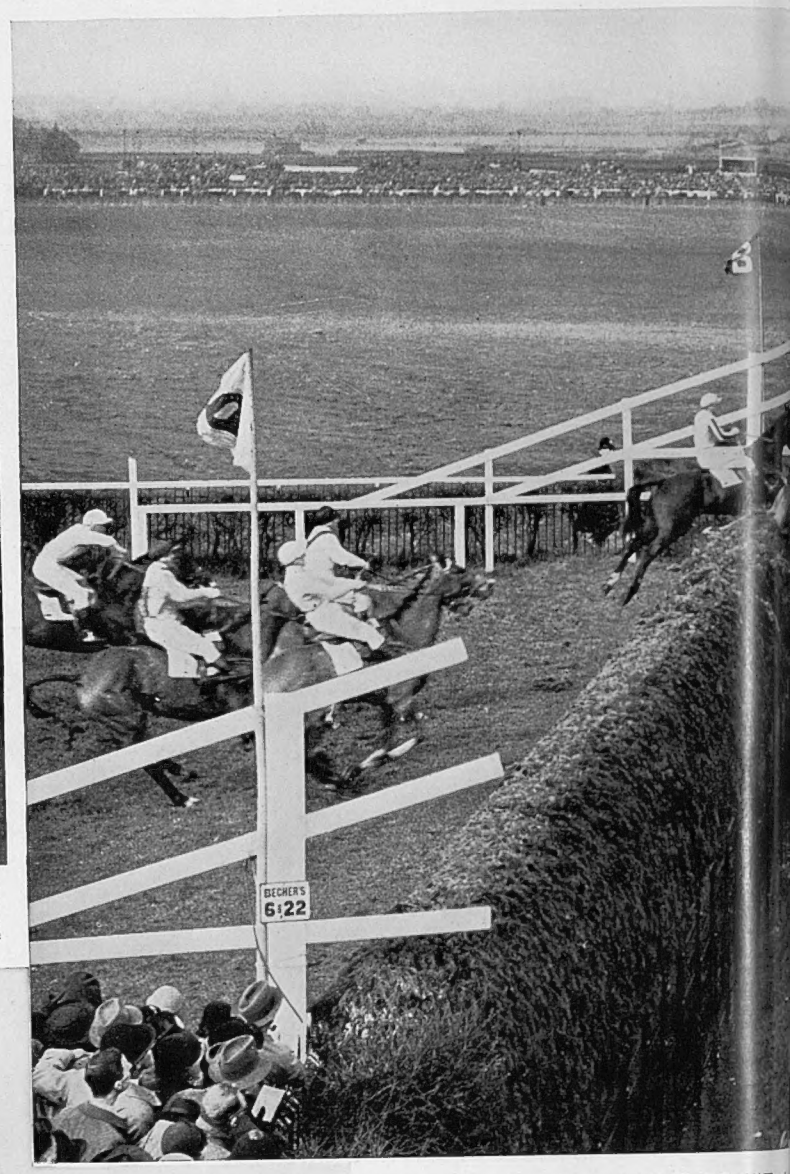
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF: Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where 2,300 people perished in the floods of 1889, was once more cut off from civilisation with the overflowing of the Conembaugh, which, like all the waterways of the Eastern States, was swollen by the abnormal rains. From scores of cities, towns, and villages in New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia came similar reports, accompanied by harrowing stories of the plight of the families compelled to flee from their homes, while in many places the shortage of pure water threatened epidemics

REYNOLDSTOWN'S "NATIONAL"



THEY'RE OFF! The field of thirty-five getting away to an almost perfect start in the 1936 Grand National, watched by the usually large throng of spectators packed to the summit of the grandstands. No. 30 (third from left) is the American-owned Rod and Gun, and No. 12 (just visible in centre) is Bachelor Prince who was third

THE THINNING OUT PROCESS BEGINS: The scene a few strides past the first obstacle where the 100-1 Boy in Blue (No. 16), and the luckless Golden Miller were among those that came down. The last named could hardly be blamed this time, taking the jump perfectly but stumbling against a fallen competitor on the landing side



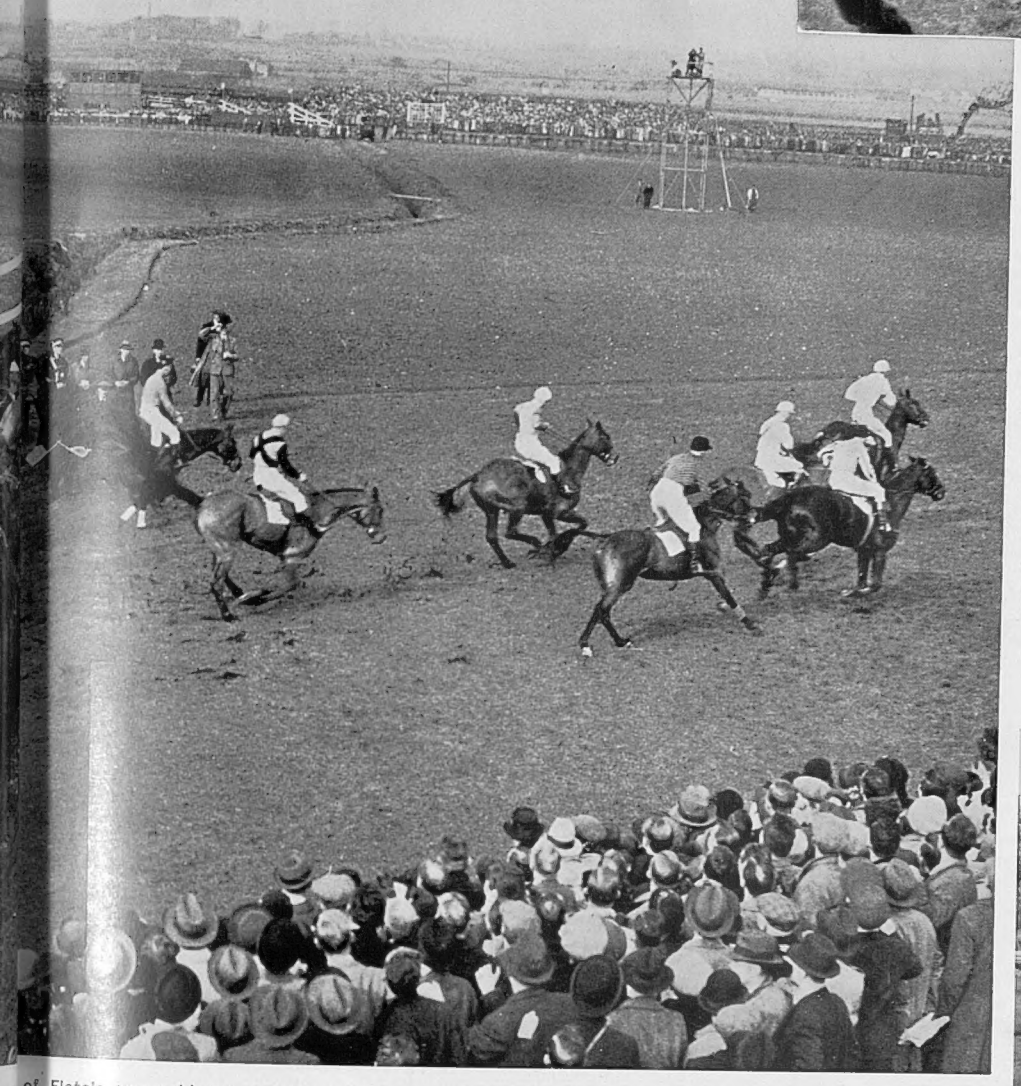
BECHER'S BROOK ON THE FIRST CIRCUIT: Jones (Mr. A. Mildmay up), leading the lowed by Double Crossed, D'Eyncourt, a up an astonishing performance, only to

THE BIG DROP: A close up at Becher's showing Reynoldstown (No. 2) coming over in fine style accompanied by Moorland View. The horse was ridden this year by Mr. Fulke Walwyn, our leading amateur jockey, who is a personal friend of Mr. Frank Furlong who rode him to victory in 1935. Although it is by no means certain that Reynoldstown would have overhauled the speedy Davy Jones if the latter had not "run out," the horse is deserving every credit for a very fine performance in joining Cloister and Manifesto and the rest of the select band that have won with more than 12 stone

THE END OF THE LONG JOURNEY: M cantering Reynoldstown towards the post, twelve lengths ahead of Sir David L Ego, and eighteen lengths in front of placed horse, Mr. J. V. Rank's Bachel

ELL FOR LEATHER: A spectacular picture taken as the field poured over one of the early jumps, with some of the onlookers gaining a grandstand view as they perched on the shoulders of their friends. As usual the obstacles took their toll, over half the field completing the first circuit, and only nine finishing

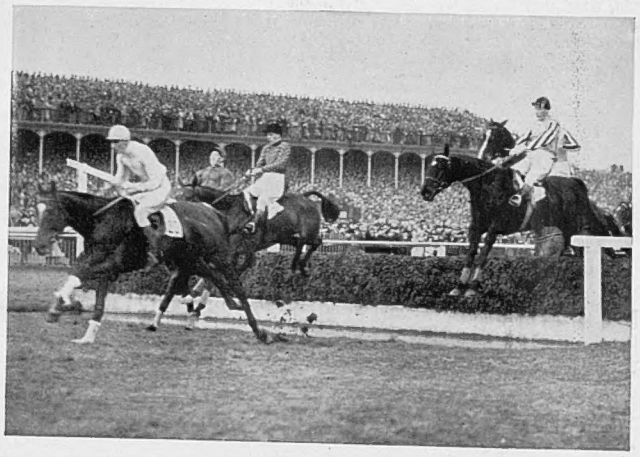
TRAGEDY ON THE SECOND ROUND: Mrs. V. Mundy's Avenger, who just before the start displaced the "Miller" as favourite, pictured as he came to grief shortly after passing the water-jump, a fall that resulted in his breaking his neck, and thus robbed the sport of one of its most gallant and brilliant performers. Persian Sun (No. 11) narrowly escaped trouble here



of Flete's unconsidered outsider, Davy most formidable of Aintree's jumps, fol- Avenger (lying fourth). Davy Jones put ie, when approaching the last obstacle

On right—OVER THE WATER: Moorland View in front and Avenger (check jacket) among those following behind, passing the grandstands before striking out into the "country" again. At this point Avenger was going as well as any of them

AN UNWELCOME COMPANION: Mr. A. F. Nicholson's Moorland View, ridden by Mr. Paget, a noted amateur jockey on the Aintree course, taking the last fence, accompanied by a loose horse—always a danger to the chances of the other competitors



ERS FOR THE WINNER: Reynoldstown escorted by mounted police through the enthusiastic crowd to the unsaddling enclosure. Both mount and rider had a great ovation, for a victory by the same horse two years in succession marks something of a red-letter day in this most gruelling of all steeplechases. Reynoldstown, who hails originally from the place in County Dublin after which he is named, is nine years old, so he still has time to bring off a treble

LEADING HIM IN: Mr. Frank Furlong, Reynoldstown's rider in 1935, and Major Noel Furlong, his owner and trainer, wreathed in smiles as they grasped hold of the reins as the winner came back from the course. Later Major Furlong received a telegram of congratulations from King Edward and also spoke to His Majesty on the long-distance telephone

METROPOLITAN

A Page of London Happenings

CONVALESCENT: Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, the Woolworth heiress, pictured as she left her car after taking a drive in the spring sunshine. She is now making a good recovery from the illness which followed the birth of her child a few weeks ago

CHILDREN IN THE LIMELIGHT: *Left*—Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow's baby photographed in his pram while out for an airing in the Park. His parents, it is understood, intend to continue living in England. *Right*—Laura La Plante, noted film star of the silent days, heroine of countless Western dramas and still one of the screen's cleverest comediennes, seen with her baby daughter born recently in a London nursing home. She is the wife of Irving Asher, chief of the Teddington studios

WEDDING BELLS: *Left*—One of the bridesmaids running through the rain to her car on the way to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to attend the marriage of Mr. Raoul Tweesdale Lloyd-Dolbey and Miss Patricia Evelyn Stock (daughter of Mrs. Vernon Tate, one of the original Gibson girls) who are pictured on right as they left the church. After the ceremony a reception was held at 3, Cadogan Gate

SENDING-IN DAYS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Artemis, a large piece of sculpture by Harold Youngman, being unloaded from a lorry on arrival at Burlington House for submission to the Academy's selection committee

THE NEW DRIVE TO REDUCE THE TOLL OF THE ROAD: Notices such as this, warning pedestrians and motorists that they are at a danger point where there have been a large number of accidents, are being erected in various parts of London. This one is in New Bridge Street

"WE HAVE NOW COME TO THE END OF OUR LABOURS AFTER THREE MONTHS OF STRENUOUS ENDEAVOUR IN DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES": Lord Monsell, the First Lord of the Admiralty, addressing the assembled delegates to the London Naval Conference in Queen Anne's drawing-room, St. James's Palace, before the signing of the new treaty by representatives of France, the United States, and the British Empire. The pact is not so wide in scope as it was hoped that it might be, but it stipulates a 35,000-ton limit for new battleships.

AN HISTORIC MOMENT: The scene in Queen Anne's drawing-room, St. James's Palace, before the signing of the London Naval Treaty. Seated from left to right at the table are Admiral Decoux, M. Roger Cambon (Counsellor of the French Embassy), Admiral Robert, M. Corbin (French Ambassador), Viscount Monsell, Mr. Eden, Earl Stanhope (Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), and Sir Ernle Chatfield

PACT MAKERS

Important Agreements Reached in London and Rome

THE TRIPARTITE AGREEMENTS IN ROME: As a result of the recent discussions between the Italian, Austrian and Hungarian leaders, the political and economic ties between these three countries have been greatly strengthened, and Austria's independence has been further guaranteed. Here Signor Mussolini is pictured about to sign on behalf of Italy, while standing behind him are General Gömbös (left), the Hungarian Premier, and Herr von Schuschnigg (right), the Austrian Federal Chancellor

MALTA'S NEW GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: Lieut.-General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, who succeeds the late General Sir David Campbell, seen with his wife before leaving Croydon to take up his duties. Since 1933 he has been Director-General of the Territorial Army, and saw service both in the South African war and the European war

LAWRENCE . . . OF ETHIOPIA?

A Few Months Ago the Continental Press Rumoured that the Famous Leader of the Arabs was Not Only Alive but Assisting Emperor Haile Selassie, and Here "The Sphere's" Foreign Correspondent Conjures Up what Lawrence Might Have Done had that Rumour Been True

By FERDINAND TUOHY

LAST autumn the Lawrence-still-living fable took the turn of locating the unique dead, alive and kicking—and helping—in Ethiopia. His "death" was a careful piece of Intelligence work, made to coincide with the desirability of his proceeding to the side of a British puppet in bitter travail. So hinted many a foreign newspaper; and sure enough soon "mysterious English majors" began creeping into the war news. Lawrence, of course. It was about this time that the writer received a pressing cable from a sensational American organisation inviting him to make every possible enquiry as to the veracity of the reports, and "if you reasonably convinced there basis to story we prepared commission you proceed Abyssinia investigate fully."

The answer given to that only came the prompter by virtue of a private circumstance; a close family friend, Colonel "X," had looked upon the dead Lawrence, which seemed to suffice.

In the light of military happenings since, those rumours and cables take on a new significance.

To proceed with all the delicacy of approach so necessary in this case: whatever be henceforward the military verdict in Abyssinia, students of African campaigning are likely for many a day to ask themselves whether events might not have run differently had Colonel Lawrence survived until the stark Italian aggression had declared itself; had he been spurred thereby into going once again to the succour of a proud native race striving valiantly to uphold its liberty, even as his Arabs in 1916–18. This is written independently of any political consideration, much as did one ask: "Supposing Napoleon had been on the Somme?"

Would the fatal fixed battle of the Tembien ever have been fought, with Lawrentian influence uppermost? Would the conditions conducting to the rout of Ras Desta ever have come about, with a "T.E.," an "Aurans," a "Lurens," radiating confidence and action? On returning to New York after several months with Haile Selassie's armies, Laurence Stallings (author of *What Price Glory*) declared outright that the only chance the Negus still had was to fall back on fighting and harassing the enemy in little groups under the orders of local chiefs, "and certainly they possess a manual on the subject, perhaps written by Colonel Lawrence, whose rapid night methods finished by shattering Turkish sovereignty in Arabia."

It is more than probable that the reference is to a compilation of Twenty-Seven Articles that Lawrence bequeathed for the guidance of fellow-officers who might be called on to go with the Arab armies at a future date. Whether these Articles ever found their way into the tents of the Ethiops is open to considerable doubt; they certainly have not followed them. I can only recall off-hand and verbatim the last of the Twenty-seven, which runs: "The beginning and end of handling Arabs is unremitting study of them."

Would Lawrence have gone? The best authority is indubitably Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, perhaps closer than anyone to Lawrence towards the end, and Hart leaves one still guessing.

"It was a healthier man, physically and mentally, who took his discharge this last March," ran Hart's obituary notice at one stage. And this: "As his service drew to an end he insisted that he intended to rusticate in his cottage, but there were moments when he spoke of re-emergence, and once, not long ago, he even suggested that his neap-tide might still lie ahead." In two letters previously Lawrence had written: "What I feel like is a rest that should go on and on till I wanted no more of it—or wanted nothing else. The last thing desirable is activity for the sake of activity. I hope I have enough mind for it to be quietly happy by itself. . . ."

And: "For myself I am going to take the flavour of true leisure. For forty-six years have I worked and been worked. Remaineth twenty-three years (of expectancy). May they be like Flecker's, a great Sunday that goes on and on. If I like this leisure when it comes, do me the favour of hoping that I may be able to afford its prolongation for ever and ever."

"And on a Sunday," notes Hart, "he has gone." Not long before, Lawrence told Hart he knew the mad motor-cycling would end in tragedy. "I am left to wonder," comments the latter, "whether the resolve (to live quietly) palled or the need called."

Therefore one thing only can be affirmed—the call to action in Abyssinia would have found a Lawrence at a dead end had he lived. The moment would have fallen well. Here was the king of the desert at another turning or crisis in his short life, and one that could not be met this time by self-submergence in anything like the Tank Corps or the Air Force. Lawrence was out on the world again, a lonely, unhappy soul, perhaps more tormented of mind and spirit than any other man of his time. Release was what he craved over all. Might not Abyssinia have yielded it? Remember, too, that strange intermittent ambition to make a come-back. For the "neap-tide" reference had not been the only reminder of this. On the purely military side the temptation to go to the Negus's side as he had gone to Feisal's would have been great. Though far from parallel the revolt in the desert that Lawrence led and the campaign that the Abyssinians *should* have waged possessed many points in common. In each case there existed loose bodies of men requiring to be galvanised into a striking whole, requiring to be exceptionally led in guerilla fighting dear to their own hearts, requiring a symbol and faith in their star; in each case, also, were chiefs requiring to be wangled by gold. Lawrence altogether came to have over 2,000,000 sovereigns stored away in what he used to call his "Gold Room"—I recollect his calling at Allenby's G.H.Q., before Gaza, in October, 1917, to take further supplies on board his camels prior to (what he called) "going shopping." (I can also see Lawrence eating that day out on the wire-netting "duck-boards"; he refused to come into the mess.)

"Lawrence," wrote Lieut.-Colonel Stirling, his second-in-command, "gained his power because he represented the heart of the Arab movement for freedom, and the Arabs realised that he had vitalised their cause; that he could do everything and endure everything just a little better than the Arabs themselves. But chiefly it was Lawrence's uncanny ability to sense the feelings of any group he found himself in; his power to probe behind their minds and uncover the well-springs of their actions."

Substitute "Abyssinians" for "Arabs."

What might not have Lawrence done with the Negus's four dominant princes—the Ras Desta, Ras Nasibou, Ras Seyoum, and Ras Kassa? One visualises him flying from one to the other; or, did the air become too perilous for so precious a life, specially hunted for night and day; then, his executing one of those incredible camel rides, such as when once he covered 100 miles on three successive days. Lack of roads would not have held up Lawrence in Abyssinia. Vaster still would have lain behind him.

It is when we come to a second and more personal matter that doubts quickly arise as to whether Lawrence would have answered the call that must assuredly have come from Haile Selassie himself. Even had he managed to slide through the Suez unnoticed, Lawrence would have squirmed in advance at thought of the fresh avalanche of world-publicity his presence in Ethiopia could not but provoke. More important, there was the question of conscience. This represented *the* paramount issue with Lawrence; nothing else mattered beside its rulings. Lawrence handed back his decorations to King George because he considered he had let down his Arabs; he actually told his Majesty that he could not possibly wear the awards in question inasmuch as one day he might find himself fighting against the British! It is certain that Lawrence would have weighed long into the night, into many nights, any dream or project he might have conceived of going a second time to the succour of a coloured people whom, once again, he might willy nilly have to "let down."

So the question must remain open: whether Lawrence would have been drawn, despite himself, to East Africa by the spectacle of a great race of the past, left relatively unarmed, though admitted by Europe to have right wholly on its side, being mown and crushed down and blown to bits from above. More profitable may it be to reflect on what Lawrence might have done with the campaign of the last six or seven months, had he been on the spot.

His great time would doubtless have come between November and January when the Italian line was strung right out "into the blue" to Makalé, from its Asmara base. Down from the Tembien, Lawrence could have raided and raided the Italian communications, as exposed as had been those of the Turks along the Damascus–Medina railway. Railways and roads would have been magically blown up in the night as quickly as skilled Italian hands contrived their making. Stores would have been destroyed, and fearsome raids made continuously on outposts—for this was one of Lawrence's specialities, and he could or would very, very seldom bring back a live one. There are records of raids on the Turks in which as many as eighty were killed and one taken along for interrogation, "pumping." The very name of Lawrence must have interfered with the proper rest of Blackshirts.

If we consider what has befallen the Abyssinian forces and then reflect upon the entirely original style of guerilla warfare that Lawrence evolved, the effect the latter's presence might have had should stand adequately revealed.

In all fairness to Haile Selassie, it was not obstinate refusal to listen to expert advice emanating unanimously from a largely sympathetic outside world that caused him to abandon the notion of allowing his forces to fight in irregular bands of two or three thousand, and to mass them, instead, under his four most reliable princes (Desta, Seyoum, Nasibou, Kassa). The Negus was all too painfully aware that did he sanction the guerilla tactics, as pressed upon him even by several of his own generals, the tale of events would most likely have turned into bloody internecine strife—Somalis would just as soon kill Gallas or Amharas as Italians.

The Negus represented to the best of his abilities the defence incarnate of his many-tribed dominion, but the fact is that he was not big enough. Someone bigger would have overruled his fears of tribal warfare by emphasising that of two dangers, the lesser must be run. The greater being the inevitable result of any concentration for battle of the Abyssinian armies, such as was suffered to come about first in the South, opposite Graziani, and immediately after, in the North, facing Badoglio. This "bigger someone" would have acknowledged finally and absolutely that there never could be hope of a second Adowa, not only on account of the advent of tanks, bombs and massed machine-guns and automatics, but because Adowa was primarily

(Continued on page 36)

THE BRITISH ARMY'S COLDEST STATION

Tientsin and its Neighbouring Ports in Winter's Grip

BLOCKS OF ICE JAMMING THE FROZEN ESTUARY OF THE HAI HO RIVER BELOW TIENTSIN, where conditions this winter have been the worst within living memory and for several months shipping has been seriously dislocated

ON THE FRINGE OF THE ICE FIELD: Floating "'bergs" some three miles out from Taku, near Tientsin, which is normally an all-the-year-round port but, owing to the extreme cold this winter, has frequently been closed to vessels in spite of the desperate efforts of the harbour authorities to keep a way clear. The cloud effect is caused by smoke from one of the ice-breakers

DEFYING THE ELEMENTS: A sentry of the Worcestershire Regiment on duty outside Area Headquarters at Tientsin, Chih-li, North China, without doubt the coldest station to which units of the British Army are sent. The men, who provide the British Embassy guard at Peking, are supplied during the severe weather with special clothing, including fur hats, wind and dust goggles, and greatcoats with big collars

MAROONED: This vessel arrived in the Gulf of Pe-chih-li en route for Tientsin in December last and, when this picture was taken a few weeks ago, was making another frantic effort to get free, but without success in spite of the fact that her engines were running at full speed. She was only seven miles from her destination, and was jammed so firmly that an aeroplane had to be chartered to provision her, dropping rice, flour, and like necessities for the crew on to the ice nearby. Several other vessels were in similar plight, and their owners have doubtless suffered very heavy losses through the delay

COMFORT IN THE SKIES: Sleeping accommodation on one of the new Empire flying boats now under construction for Imperial Airways. There are sixteen berths — eight upper and eight lower — which are taken down during the day

AIR TRAVEL

Britain's Commodious New Flying Boats and Germany's Latest Zeppelin

NEARING completion at Rochester is the first of the 29 Short flying boats ordered by Imperial Airways to cater for the requirements of the Government plan for sending all first class Empire mail by air. At present a variety of different machines are used on the Empire routes and sometimes passengers may travel in as many as five different types between England and Australia. When the new boats are in service the intention is that the same machines shall be used right through to Australia and to South Africa. There is also the matter of the transatlantic crossing and certain of the new boats will probably be used for experimental flights between England and the U.S.A.

The order for these 29 boats is the largest ever placed in England for civil aviation requirements and represents well over a million pounds sterling. To begin with a batch of six boats was laid down and production has been so planned that after the first machine begins its trials other machines will follow at intervals of less than three weeks and the whole 29 are expected to be delivered before the end of next year.

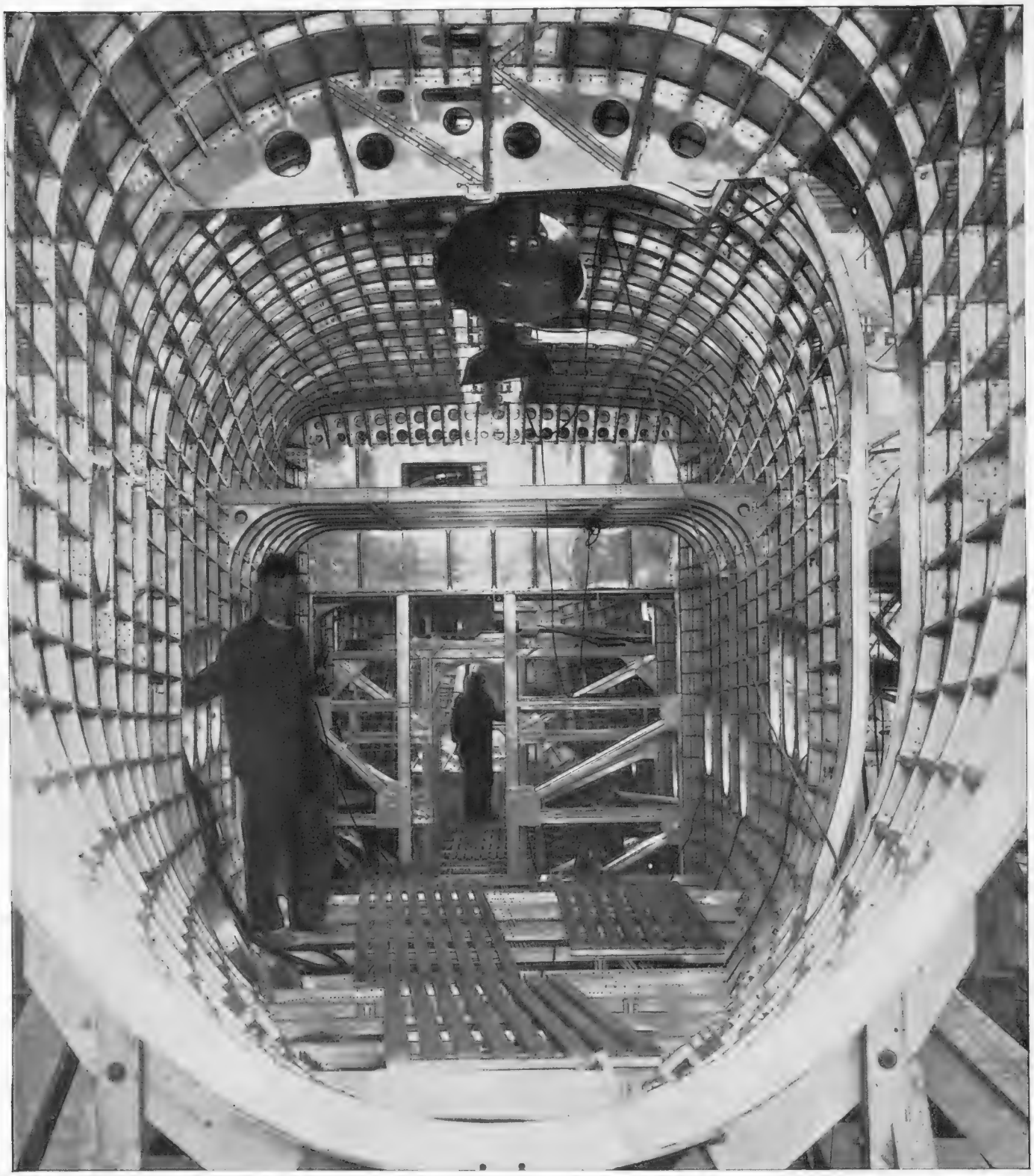
In order to obtain the high performance of a top speed of 190 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of about 160 m.p.h. every possible source of resistance has been eliminated. Even the mooring and towing bollards, the night landing headlamp and the directional wireless loop aerial retract into the hull. Yet in obtaining high speed with a boat of such weight slow landing and rapid take-off have not been neglected, and a new type of flap is fitted along the rear edge of the wing which when depressed increases the lifting power of the wing by at least 30 per cent. The landing speed with full load is expected to be less th 65 m.p.h.

It might be suppos that a considerable risk wa involved in placing suc a large order for a new an untried design, but actuall a small four-engined sea plane, the Short Scion Senio has been flying for som months which is in effect half scale model of th Empire boats with the differ ence that it has a fuselag and floats instead of a boa hull. On it are all the aer dynamic features — wing flaps, and control surfaces have been well tried out, that there are no importan features which have no been tested in the air.

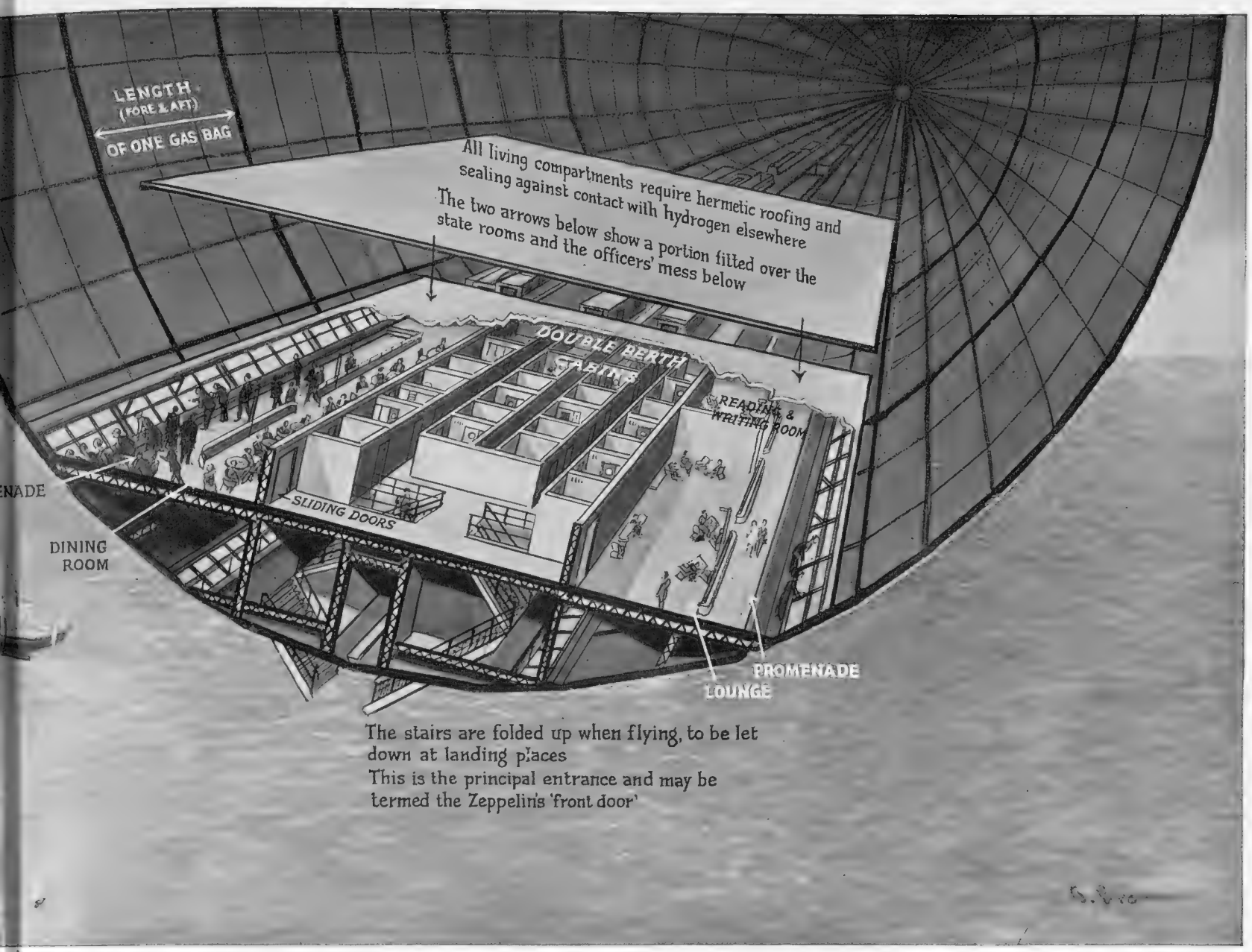
The new machines are con structed entirely of meta They have a wing span o 114 ft. and are 88½ ft. long Their normal range will b 750 miles and they will carr a payload of from 3½ to 5 ton according to the amount o fuel carried. There is stow age space for 3 tons of ma and accommodation i provided for twenty-fo passengers by day and si teen passengers in sleepi berths by night, for t operate the projected sched ules on the Empire route the machines will have to f both by day and night.

An entirely new standar of passenger comfort is bei set and the cabins are f roomier and more luxurio than in any commercia machine now in servic The ample space and hea room is most striking a the cabins are more spacio and more comfortable th a first-class Pullman car.

The hull is built with t



LINKING THE EMPIRE: Interior of the spacious hull of one of the twenty-nine all-metal flying-boats which Imperial Airways are to use on the England-Australia and England-South Africa routes. The order for these machines is the largest for civil requirements ever placed in this country, representing a million pounds, and when completed they will set a new standard in the extent and comfort of their passenger accommodation. They are high-winged monoplanes, weighing between 17 and 18 tons, driven by four 920-h.p. Bristol air-cooled radial engines which will be fitted with controllable pitch airscrews. The top speed will be 190 m.p.h. and the cruising speed about 160 m.p.h., while the normal range is approximately 750 miles. There is a stowage space for three tons of mail



GERMANY'S FLYING HOTEL: A diagram showing the passenger accommodation in the new Zeppelin *Hindenburg* (the largest of its kind ever built) which has recently been finished at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance, and has run its trials with complete success. Captain Eckener, who has become world famous as the pilot of the *Graf Zeppelin*, which has of recent years crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic with such unfailing regularity, is delighted with the *Hindenburg*, and says that it compares extremely well with the older craft, the steering being lighter, the engines more silent and freer from vibration, and the landing run shorter. In addition it can carry twice as many passengers, who have four times the space, and what is important, are also able to smoke without endangering the safety of the ship, a special fireproof saloon being provided. The promenade decks, seen flanking the lounge and dining-room in the above picture, are 165 ft. long and have a series of windows, inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, which can be opened without letting in a rush of air. Each cabin has two bunks and basins with hot and cold water

THE "HINDENBURG'S" READING AND WRITING ROOM: A tastefully and modernly furnished saloon with feather-weight tables and chairs and desks constructed in part of aluminium, thus conforming to the standard of lightness so absolutely essential in the equipment of an efficient airship. The mural decorations include skillfully executed pictures on thin layers of wood, some of which illustrate the different phases in the development of world communications from the earliest times to the present day, while others show characteristic features of the lands that may be flown over

decks the lower of which is devoted to the passenger accommodation while the upper houses the two pilots, wireless operator and flight engineer, the mail compartment, and the stowage for sleeping berths in the daytime.

In the extreme nose on the lower deck is a compartment for the marine equipment, anchor, etc. Above it is the pilots' compartment from which it is reached by a hatchway. Behind the two pilots on the upper deck is the wireless room and aft of this there is a compartment for the flight engineer on the starboard side and stowage for mails on the port side. A hatchway gives access to the lower deck. Farther aft, between the spars of the centre section of the wing, there is more stowage for mails and aft of this again there is space, reached from the rear saloon, for the chairs or sleeping berths.

On the lower deck immediately behind the compartment for the marine equipment is a smoking saloon with seven seats. Behind this is a hallway with an entrance door through the port side of the hull. Leading aft from the hallway is a passage out of which opens the kitchen on the starboard side and two lavatories on the port side. Then comes a small cabin with three seats and beyond it the observation saloon.

In planning the passenger accommodation a compromise had to be arrived at between the needs of passengers flying by day only on intermediate stages and those on through journeys travelling day and night, and it was decided to carry twenty-four passengers by day and sixteen by night. The sleeping berths are more comfortable than those on the most luxurious express trains, and each passenger has control of separate light switches and ventilation taps. Ventilation has been most carefully studied and a supply of warmed air is provided.

C. D. Palmer

Lincoln Ellsworth's Flight Over Unknown Territory and its Dramatic Finish

THE LIE OF THE LAND: This sketch map has been specially drawn for "The Sphere" to show exactly what part of the Antarctic Continent was crossed by the Lincoln Ellsworth 'plane during the recent expedition which ended so happily in the leader's rescue. The start was made from Dundee Island (on the side nearest South America) which forms a pendant to Graham Land, a region now familiar by reason of the work of several previous expeditions. Here the country is mountainous, forming as it were, a rocky bastion to the smooth 6,000-ft. ice plateau beyond. The 'plane passed successfully above these great peaks and, crossing Hearst Land, made for the Bay of Whales, over what was then *terra incognita* and which has now been named after Mr. Ellsworth's father. The journey, however, was not without dramatic incident, forced landings being made at points 1, 2, and 3 marked on the above map, and finally the airmen came down (at point 4) through fuel shortage some twenty miles from their goal, Little America—the well-equipped base so often used by Admiral Byrd. After ten days of strenuous wandering Mr. Ellsworth and his companion, Mr. Hollick Kenyon, finally reached this base where they remained until rescued by members of the crew of the Royal Research ship *Discovery II*. Little America lies on the edge of the Great Ross Barrier, a mass of slowly-moving ice fed by huge glaciers from the surrounding mountains but which appears to have maintained a fairly constant outline to the Ross Sea since it was discovered by Ross himself in 1842. Sometimes, however, drastic temporary changes in its configuration take place, and it was on the rapidly breaking up seasonal ice of the Bay of Whales that the 'plane of the first Ellsworth expedition came so unexpectedly to grief

AFTER four years of hopes and planning—a period which included two active but unsuccessful seasons in the South—Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth has at last succeeded in flying across the Antarctic Continent.

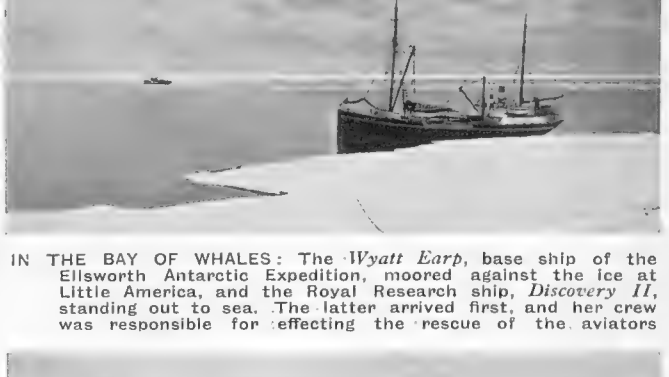
THE COOL-HEADED TRANS-ANTARCTIC FLYERS: Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth and Mr. Hollick-Kenyon pictured together after their rescue

Antarctica is larger than Europe. It is almost entirely covered by permanent ice and snow, and it supports no purely land-dwelling animal larger than a wingless mosquito. The level rises from the coasts to form a vast, ice-capped plateau some 10,000 feet above sea level, on which is the South Pole. Two great bays break the Continent's roughly circular shape. The Weddell Sea, south of Cape Horn, where Sir Ernest Shackleton's *Endurance* was crushed and sank in the heavy drift ice; and the Ross Sea, in the New Zealand sector, where Scott and Amundsen made their bases, and Admiral Byrd built Little America.

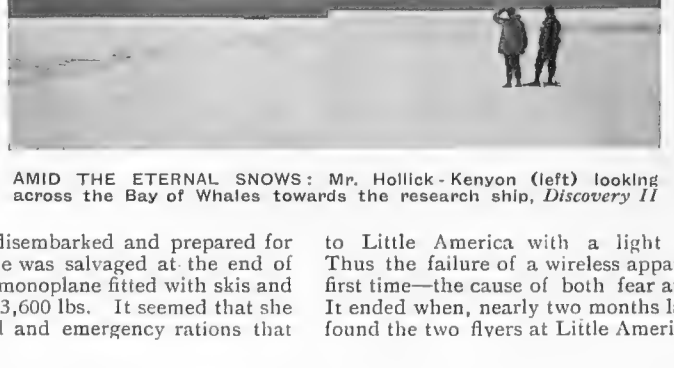
Lincoln Ellsworth did not want to go to the South Pole, for by so doing he would merely double the tracks of earlier explorers. He wanted to fly from Graham Land, which forms the western side of the Weddell Sea, to Little America on the Ross Sea, for thus he would pass almost entirely over unknown country.

The risks of such a venture were obviously considerable. Every hour of Ellsworth's 2,000 miles flight would take him farther from human aid. There might be mountains in the way, too high for a loaded plane to pass. The failure of his aeroplane would mean a long walk over the most inhospitable country; and, besides, a forced landing might cause some physical injury.

Mr. Ellsworth was not deterred by these possibilities. At the beginning of the last Antarctic summer he sailed south for the third time. His ship, the *Wyatt Earp*, carried him to Dundee Island, on the tip of Graham Land. The Weddell Sea must then have been blocked by drift ice. The *Polar Star* was disembarked and prepared for her flight. She is (she was salvaged at the end of the flight) a Northrop monoplane fitted with skis and able to carry a load of 3,600 lbs. It seemed that she could take all the fuel and emergency rations that would be necessary, for the flight was scheduled to last only 14 hours. Actually the *Polar Star* ran out of fuel when she had been 19 hours in the air and a fortnight out from Dundee Island.



IN THE BAY OF WHALES: The *Wyatt Earp*, base ship of the Ellsworth Antarctic Expedition, moored against the ice at Little America, and the Royal Research ship, *Discovery II*, standing out to sea. The latter arrived first, and her crew was responsible for effecting the rescue of the aviators



AMID THE ETERNAL SNOWS: Mr. Hollick-Kenyon (left) looking across the Bay of Whales towards the research ship, *Discovery II*

On November 21 Lincoln Ellsworth and Herbert Hollick-Kenyon took off from Dundee Island, but were turned back by heavy cloud banks at the southern end of Graham Land. On November 23 they started again, and this time got right away. For eleven hours they were in wireless communication with their ship. Then suddenly there was an alarming silence.

This was, of course, no proof of disaster, nor even of a forced landing.

But emergency measures had to be taken against the possibilities that Ellsworth and Hollick-Kenyon were (1) sitting wounded beside their crashed aeroplane; (2) walking back towards Graham Land; (3) walking on towards Little America. It was known that they had a tent, a sledge, and food for over a month. So it was arranged that a powerful aeroplane should fly south from America to make flights along Ellsworth's course, that the British Graham Land Expedition should be asked to search the coast; that the *Wyatt Earp* should do the same and then sail round to Little America; that R.R.S. *Discovery II* should break off her oceanographic researches and steam to Little America with a light aeroplane on board. Thus the failure of a wireless apparatus was—not for the first time—the cause of both fear and expensive activity. It ended when, nearly two months later, the *Discovery* found the two flyers at Little America.

ACROSS ANTARCTICA BY 'PLANE

THE SNOWY HEIGHTS OF MOUNT WILLIAM, the mighty peak which dominates Anvers Island, off the coast of Graham Land. Mr. Ellsworth passed this on his right shortly after taking off on his flight across the Continent

THE "POLAR STAR": The big Northrop-Delta monoplane, with a single Pratt and Whitney Wasp motor of 600-h.p., in which the Antarctic flight was made. The machine, which has been salvaged none the worse for its experience, has a cruising radius of 4,200 miles and is capable of a maximum speed of 230 m.p.h.

LITTLE AMERICA: Members of the *Discovery II* rescue party entering the underground snow hut where Mr. Ellsworth lived for a month

THE RESCUE SHIP AND HER 'PLANE: *Discovery II*, pictured on left, amid the ice floes during her voyage to the aid of Mr. Ellsworth, and (*right*) the seaplane which she brought with her and was successful in locating Mr. Ellsworth

Their story was this. When they took off from Dundee Island on November 23 the heavily laden *Polar Star* climbed steadily till she was well above the peaks of Graham Land. She passed high above Stefansson Strait which appeared to be only about a mile wide. In Hearst Land the mountains rose again to peaks as high as 13,000 ft.; and these mountains were continued into the unnamed country to the south-west, till gradually they merged into a smooth ice plateau, some 6,000 ft. above sea level.

The aviators knew that their wireless equipment had failed after eleven hours of flight; but they continued in the air for two hours more, until thick weather forced them down on the plateau. They had been wise enough to land while the visibility was still good. They pitched their tent for seventeen hours and then tried to fly on. But bad weather forced them down again in half an hour. They waited for two days, made another attempt to fly, and were again forced down by the weather after covering only 100 miles or so.

After the third landing they had to stay in their tent for a week, living principally on bacon, oatmeal, milk powder and pemmican. When the weather did clear they had to spend a day baling the drifted snow out of the fuselage of their machine.

At their next attempt they were more fortunate. They flew for nineteen hours and came down for observation 150 miles from Little America. They went on and were forced down for lack of fuel twenty miles from their destination. The continuous stopping and starting must have upset their calculation of petrol consumption.

Then followed ten days of wandering before, apparently with confusing maps, they reached Little America and found shelter, food and fuel which kept them in comfort till they heard the aeroplane of *Discovery II* pass above their hut. They went on board the research ship and, soon after, met the *Wyatt Earp*.

It will probably be some time before Ellsworth's results are published. What he saw seems to suggest that the Andean chain, which forms the spine of Graham Land, stretches a long way across the continent; and that there is probably no channel or deep valley connecting the Weddell and Ross Seas. His photographs and observations will no doubt prove very valuable, but for the present it is enough to congratulate him on the achievement of his great ambition. The country between Hearst Land and Marie Byrd Land he has claimed for the United States and named after his father. To the plateau on which he landed he has given the name of his co-pilot—Hollick-Kenyon.

J. M. Scott

ROUGH GOING ON THE SURFACE OF THE GREAT ROSS ICE BARRIER: Ellsworth and Hollick-Kenyon may possibly have encountered broken terrain such as this during their ten days of wandering following their final forced landing, and this would, in part, account for the inordinate time that they took to reach the base at Little America, which, as the crow flies, is only twenty miles from the spot where they came down

ABYSSINIA'S NEIGHBOURS—II

British Somaliland, Backwater of the Empire, is the Subject of this Second Article Dealing with Present-day Conditions Near the Theatre of War

THE MARKET PLACE AT ZEILA, the British Somaliland coastal town which in General Gordon's day was a flourishing port through which passed much of the trade of the interior but has rapidly declined in importance ever since the French acquired neighbouring Djibouti and built the Abyssinian railway. *On left*—Zeila's primitive lighthouse—a street lamp with a candle inside

By PATRICK BALFOUR

SHORTLY after Mr. Anthony Eden suggested giving away the port of Zeila (which does not belong to us) to Abyssinia, the protected Somalis of Zeila (to whom it does belong) called upon the British District Commissioner. They thought he would be interested to hear the latest rumour of the bazaars. A story, they said, was actually going around that Great Britain intended giving the place to Abyssinia. No one, of course, attached much credence to bazaar canards, still less when they were as fantastic as this one. But it was amusing, was it not? The sahib would doubtless be diverted by the tale. And the Somalis returned to their village.

Village it is. I motored there from Djibouti in a few hours, through the desert of camelthorn which stretches for hundreds of miles along the Somali coast and far up into the interior; a barren and monotonous country where goats perched oddly on the flat-topped thorn trees, searching for food. The mirage was so intense that even after we had left Djibouti far behind we could still see the town, magnified to such an extent that it was possible to count how many ships were in port. Only a small hut, with a couple of Somali policemen in smart khaki shorts, indicated the British frontier.

Soon Zeila appeared ahead, a slim, haphazard line of square, white salt-stone buildings, with a mosque in the middle, pointing out to sea, gleaming clean in the sunlight. We approached it across sand-dunes, reflected in the shallow, rippling tide which floods the estuary of a dried-up river-bed twice daily. A caravan of camels, laden with fuel, forded slowly across in front of us.

The village had an Arab flavour. The streets were narrow, between high, white walls, with beaten sand underfoot. There was a small market place where Somali women squatted in deeply-coloured red and purple robes, selling beads and ornaments, and where the male population, tall and graceful with the slimness of the Indian, lounged about and did nothing. The chief Arab trader of the village entertained me. I squatted on a mat in his shed and ate with my fingers a dubious-looking fish which tasted fresh and delicious. Then a police sergeant in flowing white skirts, brandishing a whip conducted me to the Harbour of Eden, so unselfishly offered to Abyssinia. It does not exist. It was easy to see why. From the beach I watched Somali children paddling in the water, 200 yards out. It had not reached their waists.

When General Gordon visited Zeila in 1878 it was a flourishing port, and all the trade of the interior passed through it. Six years later the Egyptian garrisons evacuated the Somali coast, and the British protectorate was established. Four years later the French acquired Djibouti, started to build the Abyssinian railway and quickly developed it into a port. Since then Zeila and the other trade routes through British Somaliland have declined.

Zeila, without considerable expenditure, could never be a modern port. The ships cannot come within six miles of the pier, owing to the shallowness of the water. At the end of the pier is Zeila's lighthouse—a street lamp-post with a candle inside. Here, twice a month, sailing dhows discharge from a cargo ship a modest cargo of sugar and rice, loading salt from the surrounding desert and occasional consignments of coffee and butter from Abyssinia.

Berbera, the capital of British Somaliland, is slightly larger, and carries more trade owing to the motor track which leads up to Harar. Lorries carry consignments of frankincense and myrrh, coffee, skins, hides, and ostrich feathers down from the interior. They also carry arms and ammunition into Abyssinia, but in very much smaller quantities than is supposed. During the fortnight I spent in British Somaliland no consignment of arms arrived from Europe, and since the lifting of the embargo the war material which entered Abyssinia via Berbera had amounted only to 4,000 Belgian rifles, 500 British swords, ten cases of British knives, 400 bales of tents, and fifty cases described as machine-gun tripods, which were probably in fact machine-guns.

Thus, whether in war or peace, British Somaliland is a backwater of the British Empire. It is largely a desert. Its imports double its exports and its strategic importance seems negligible. Its European inhabitants rarely see strangers, but greet them with warm hospitality when they do. Including women and children there are fewer than fifty white folk in British Somaliland. The Governor, Sir Arthur Lawrence, a miniature Mussolini, wields his rod of iron up at Sheikh, in the mountains behind Berbera, in aloof and solitary state. Patrolling the Protectorate are the Somaliland Camel Corps, continuously on the move, one of the finest native units in Africa, officered from the crack English cavalry regiments. The Camel Corps represents the best type of officer in the British Army, who has sufficient enterprise to sacrifice the easy life of sport and amusement offered to the cavalry officer at home for five years of the rough but abundantly interesting life of the Abyssinian and Italian Somali border. Two of them, at present, are seconded to our Legation in Abyssinia as military attachés for the period of the war. Their responsibilities go beyond the frontiers of the Protectorate, since Somalis take little heed of political frontiers, moving, regardless, to fresh grazing ground as they have done from time immemorial. Thus British tribesmen graze well into the Hauda country, which is in Italian territory and might at any moment become a focal point of the Ogaden campaign.

After hiring a lorry and engaging a cook and interpreter in Berbera I drove north to Hargeisa. The country was dry desert, with distant, flat-topped walls of mountain, marbled greenish-grey like the covers of an exercise book. Occasionally there were little valleys like gardens in the sand, with fresh green turf, pretty palms, coloured birds, and ornamental rivulets; then there was scrub of aloes and prickly pear, where herds of monkeys scampered about.

Hargeisa stands in a valley and, albeit its river is dry for the greater part of the year and you can camp in its bed, the vegetation is rich and its gardens are profuse in vegetables and fruit. "Hargeisa," suggested my Arab servant, "is the London of British Somaliland." Beneath weeping acacia and mimosa walked the tall Somali women, with their slinky, fashionable figures, more like London debutantes, perhaps, than he realised.

At Hargeisa there was continuous coming and going from the Ogaden. Each day Somalis used to bring me news of the campaign. One was greatly impressed with concentrations of Abyssinian troops which he described as "great forests of men" and, when asked to be more precise, estimated their numbers in terms of cattle at "3,000 pens."

One day I went to visit a British Somali who had run across the frontier with his brother to join the Abyssinians, had been heavily bombed in a dugout at Daggahbur, had lost his brother and was now in hospital himself, suffering severely from shell-shock. He was very sorry for himself. For six months he had served the Abyssinians and never got paid. Now he was penniless and his brother was dead. The Scots doctor in Hargeisa gave him cough mixture and allowed him to have his wife in hospital. His recovery was quick.

Thousands of British Somalis had crossed the frontier for mercenary motives, to fight for the Abyssinians. But all regretted it, for if the Abyssinian soldier himself could not get his pay what hope was there for the despised Somali? The same applied to the Somalis living under Abyssinian rule.

SOMALI TYPES: These people, although very dark in complexion, have not so much of the negro strain in them as might be supposed and may be said to belong to the Caucasian species or sub-species of mankind. They share with the Galas, of Abyssinia, the distinction of being one of the two handsomest races of Africa and they differ from the latter in only a few particulars

A £14,000 INGRES FOR THE NATION

The Portrait of Madame Moitessier which has just been Acquired from New York by the National Gallery

This famous picture by J. A. D. Ingres, which took no fewer than twelve years to paint, has now been placed on exhibition in Room XXVIII at the National Gallery, having been purchased for the nation from the New York art firm of Jacques Seligman for a sum in the neighbourhood of £14,000. The artist, one of the greatest French masters of the nineteenth century, began the portrait in 1844, and continued to work on the canvas, with interruptions, until 1856. Originally he intended to include the sitter's small daughter, Catharine, standing at her mother's knee, but when he found the child would not remain still he erased the likeness, which was just as well, since by the time the picture was finished the little girl had become a grown woman. This work is perhaps a more mature and complete solution than any other of the problems of form and rhythm to which the artist devoted his life. "In many ways Ingres was one of the most puzzling figures in the whole history of French art," says the noted critic, R. H. Wilenski, "for he could be classical and romantic, formal and naturalistic, ascetic and lascivious, majestic and absurd, all in the same picture. At his best he was unquestionably a great artist; at his worst he touched the lowest Academic depths"

LONDON LOSES THE ADELPHI

Queen Mary Visits the Famous Site as the Tenants Move Out Prior to the Demolition of the Buildings

ROYAL LEAVETAKING: Queen Mary's car in the Adelphi when Her Majesty recently paid a surprise visit to the Adam houses in the terrace which will soon be no more and will probably be replaced by a vast modern building, including shops, offices and flats. The Queen first saw No. 4, once D'Oyly Carte's house, and afterwards went next door to admire the delicately painted ceiling in the former home of Lord Weir. Later the Royal party made a tour of the "Arches"

A WRENCH FOR THE "SAVAGES": A removal van outside No. 6 Adelphi Terrace as the furnishings of the Savage Club, rendezvous of the world of science, letters, and the arts, were being transferred to the club's new premises at No. 1 Carlton House Terrace, where the members now have one of the finest views in London

HISTORIC HOMES SIDE BY SIDE: The notice of sale by auction of the original chimney pieces, grates, wainscotting, and doors from houses in the Adelphi displayed outside the former residences of David Garrick, the actor, and Robert and James Adam

The evacuation of the tenants from the main block of the Adelphi buildings brings it home vividly that once again Londoners have lost a battle and capitalism has had its way. But perhaps the time is coming, and not even so very far away, when the majority of people and the laws of the land will realise that town-planning, history, and beauty are of great importance to the well-being of the capital of the British Empire. We have lost the battle of the Adelphi, we failed in part to preserve the beauty of Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Gardens, but both these battles have been fought with far more vigour than any in the past. In both cases the architectural and the lay press were wholeheartedly in favour of preserving something of real value, at any rate until it was quite definitely established that the new building would be in every way much better than the old.

Few Bills have the distinction of being opposed as repeatedly as the Adelphi Bill was in both Houses of Parliament. But in spite of opposition the Adelphi Bill has been passed, the public lose an open space, a lovely terrace, and a block of valuable buildings. There is one consolation for the public; that the designs for the front of the new building must be approved by the newly appointed Crown Lands Advisory Committee. It is interesting to note, though, that the promoters of the Bill begged not to have to submit their designs to the Royal Fine Art Commission, preferring the Crown Lands Advisory Committee. This latter was appointed for a special purpose, as its name implies, after the Carlton House Terrace bungle, but it was never intended to supersede the Royal Fine Art Commission. That the Fine Art Commission is too limited in its powers was shown in the case of Carlton Gardens, but its *raison d'être* is a thoroughly sound one, and it will be a pity if, instead of its power and prestige being increased, its proper business is referred to another committee.

On left—LINKS WITH THE PAST: The doomed Adelphi Hotel, formerly known as Osborn's Hotel, at the corner of John and Adam Streets, was opened in October, 1777 "being completely fitted up in the most elegant and convenient manner for the entertainment of noblemen and gentlemen." It is a place of many historic associations, and it was here that the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands died from smallpox in 1824. It was here also that Turner's patron, Dr. Thomas Munro, resided, while Isaac d'Israeli, the author of *Curiosities of Literature*, and the father of the Earl of Beaconsfield, stayed there after his wedding tour in 1802

IN THE PADDOCK AT AINTREE

A Glimpse of the Fashionable Throng on Grand National Day

THE JOCKEY CAP . . .
above a coat of the popular leopard skin

BOOKMAKER'S CHECK . . .
is the keynote of this short swagger coat

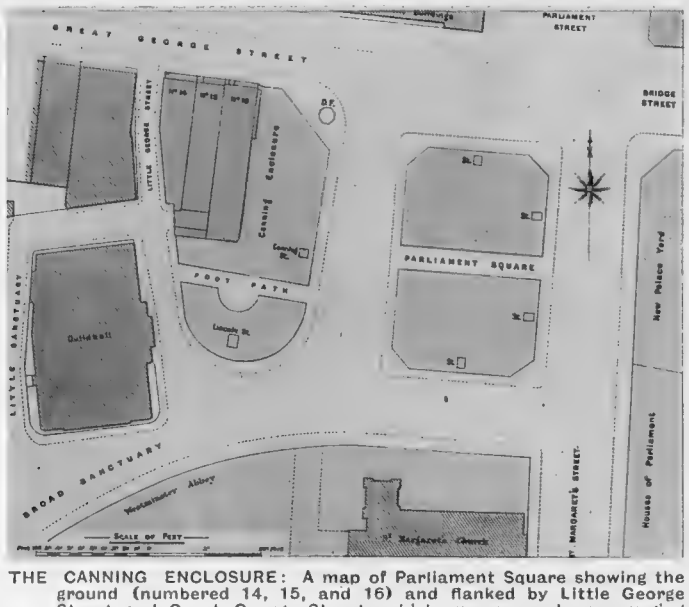
On left — A STUDENT OF FORM: Looking down the card for the winner of the main event

FROM NECK TO ANKLES: A racegoer in a coat of one of the large patterned plaids that have been so fashionable during the winter months. Aintree is no Ascot or Auteuil but this year it was notable for the many striking fashions to be seen in the paddock and the packed grandstands

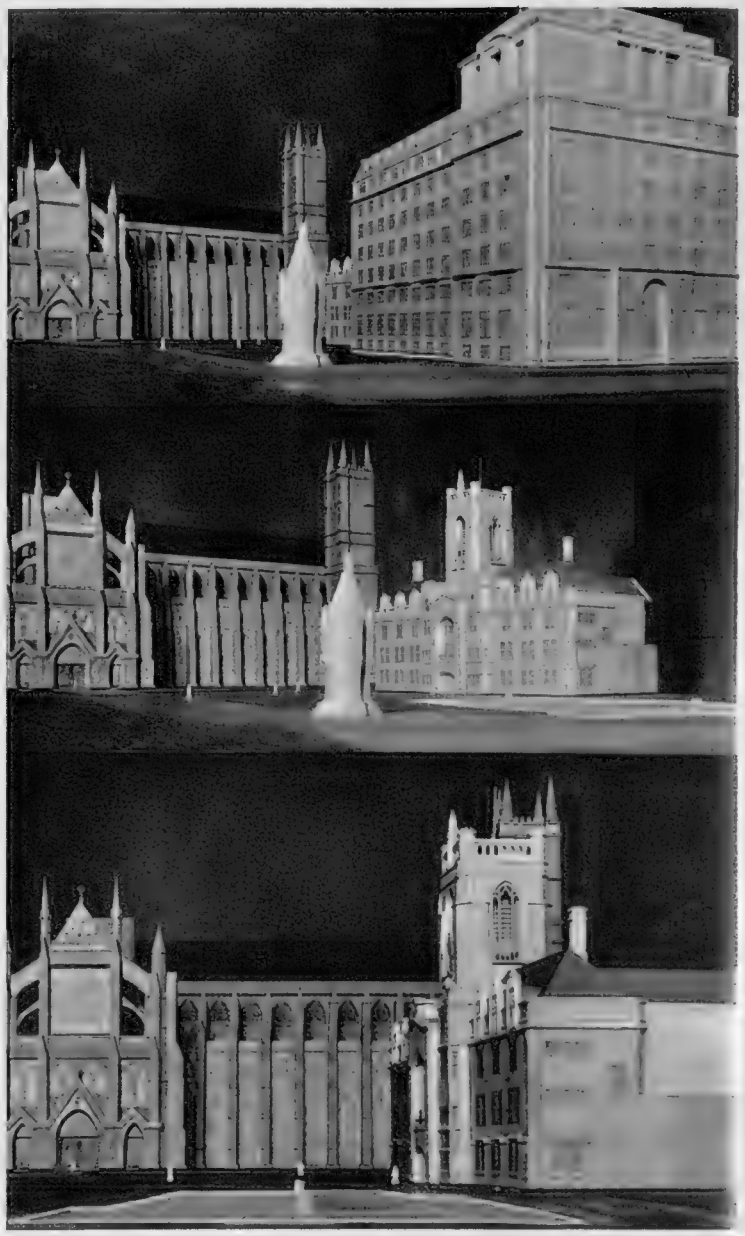
THE KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL

The Two Most Likely Sites for It in Westminster

IN THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE: Two locations have been suggested for London's memorial to the late King George. Both are in Westminster; one being on the Millbank side of the Abbey and the other occupying the site of the buildings (pictured above in course of demolition) at the Great George Street entrance to Parliament Square. For more than one reason the latter named would appear to be the more suitable. In the first place this particular piece of ground has been threatened with being dominated by another building and £125,000 is needed to maintain it as an open space; secondly its position is more prominent than the other and therefore more worthy to be used as a memorial to our late sovereign; while thirdly its employment would not mean the demolition of existing buildings of architectural merit or historic interest.



THE CANNING ENCLOSURE: A map of Parliament Square showing the ground (numbered 14, 15, and 16) and flanked by Little George Street and Great George Street, which many people are urging should be used for the building of the memorial and which should prove a just as good if not better setting than that near the Abbey



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND WHAT MAY BE: A composite picture showing (top) how the block of offices would have looked in the Canning enclosure if the scheme for erecting it had not been checkmated. In the centre and bottom views the same site (delineated by white lines), only cleared, is seen from two different angles, and it is not difficult to visualise its potentialities

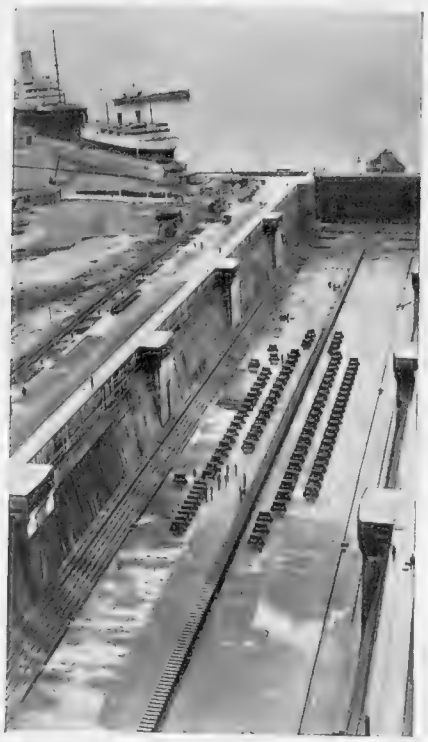
THE HOME OF THOMAS TELFORD: The plaque on the front of the house in Abingdon Street once occupied by the great engineer and (*on left*) a view of Abingdon Street which will have to be demolished if the site near the Abbey is used for the King George Memorial

ON THE ABINGDON STREET SITE: Two aspects of Westminster that would be no more if the buildings behind the Abbey were demolished. *On left*—A glimpse of the Henry VII chapel from the corner house in Abingdon Street. *On right*—A well-built house of pleasing design. Quite a few notabilities have lived in this thoroughfare, including David Roberts R.A., Sir John Malcolm, Richard Bentley, the famous critic, Isaac Hawkins Browne, the poet, and Richard Cumberland, the dramatist

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW: A delightful grassy space outside the Abbey Chapter House which would form part of the site of the George V memorial if the Archbishop of Canterbury's suggestion is adopted. "If there is one place in London which can be described as very specially a centre of our national and imperial life," said the Primate in a recent speech at the Mansion House, "it is surely the great area which contains Westminster Abbey, the sacred shrine of its history, and the Houses of Parliament, the scene of its government. If the houses on the south side of this district were removed," he continued, "there would be disclosed for the first time a splendid view of the Abbey, of the Jewel Tower, and of the Chapter House"

THE "QUEEN MARY" COMPLETES HER FIRST TRIP

A Special Section of "The Sphere," Illustrating the Arrival and Drydocking of the 80,000-ton Liner at Her Terminal Port, Southampton, Where She Came to be Prepared for Her Trials and for Her Maiden Voyage to New York



A GIANT DOCK FOR A GIANT SHIP: The King George V Graving Dock at Southampton, specially built for the reception of the *Queen Mary*, pictured as the line of 400 keel blocks (seen in detail on right), were placed in position for taking the weight of the vessel after she had been left high and dry

THE CRADLING: Lining up some of the bilge blocks used for keeping the *Queen Mary* balanced when resting her weight on the centre "avenue" of 400 keel blocks. The highly complicated task of manœuvring her on to these supports was accomplished with the greatest skill and in a remarkably short space of time

EASING HER IN: Men running with one of the heavy hawsers, dropped from the forecastle to the quayside, in order to loop it over a bollard as the *Queen Mary* glided slowly into the King George V Graving Dock, having completed successfully her voyage from the mouth of the Clyde. Twenty-five minutes after reaching the entrance she was safely inside, with the 1,800-ton caisson closed, and immediately afterwards four electric pumps, each with a capacity of 78,500 gallons a minute, began the four-hour task of pumping her high and dry so that workmen might scrub the under-water parts of the hull preparatory to painting

d

DRYDOCKING THE 80,000-TON GIANT

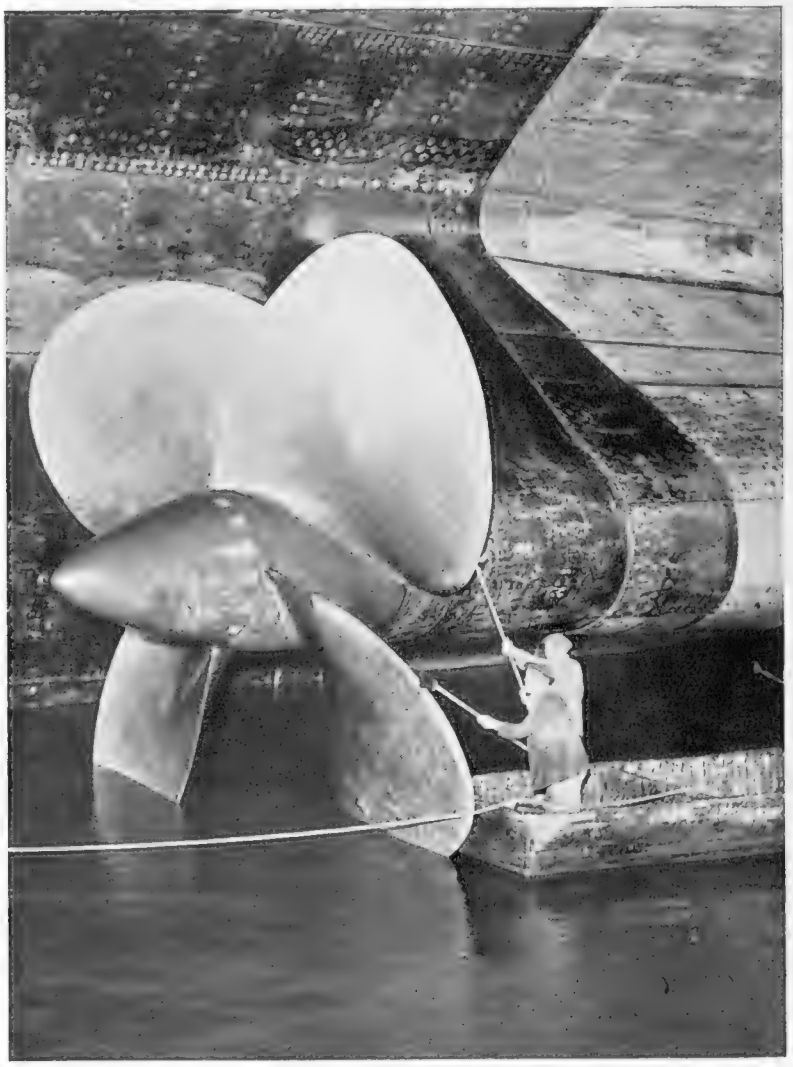
The "Queen Mary," Her Hull Towering Above the Quays, being Manœuvred into the King George V Graving Dock on Arrival at Southampton

For days past public interest in the *Queen Mary* has been at its height and, on completing her somewhat adventurous but none the less triumphal voyage down the Clyde, she set out for Southampton where, acclaimed by the sirens of the shipping, she arrived on Friday of last week after doing the journey in quick time and giving entire satisfaction to her owners and builders. The great vessel is pictured here as she gradually nosed her way into the King George V graving dock, passing on her right the *Majestic*, once the world's largest liner and now withdrawn from service, which, gay with bunting in honour of the occasion, did humble duty as a grandstand for the countless admirers of the resplendent newcomer. The *Queen Mary's* entry into the dock, a matter of no small difficulty, as there was a clearance of only 8 ft. on either side, was accomplished without a hitch in one continuous manœuvre, and in less than half an hour she was squared up exactly in the centre, ready to be pumped high and dry. The feat was one that evoked general admiration and the commander, Sir Edgar Britten, afterwards paid a tribute to the pilot, Captain George Bowyer, for this skilful performance. In the days following thousands of sightseers visited her, and on Sunday last special trains were run from all parts of the country

The "Queen Mary" High and Dry

PRECIPICE OF STEEL: *Above* — Scraping and scrubbing the hull, portions of which were scratched through contact with the mudbanks during the journey down the Clyde. *Right* — The towering bows. Two views of the *Queen Mary* after she had been manœuvred into the King George V graving dock which was specially built to receive her but was completed a considerable time before owing to the stoppage of work on the liner during the early days of construction. It would be just possible for the dock to take a ship of 100,000 or 110,000 tons, but this limit is not likely to be reached, if at all, for many a year to come

RESTING ON THE KEEL BLOCKS: A stern view of the ship showing her propellers — a wonderful sight as she was illuminated by the converging lights from the side of the dock, thus allowing the army of workmen to continue far into the night the task of preparing the newly exposed hull for painting

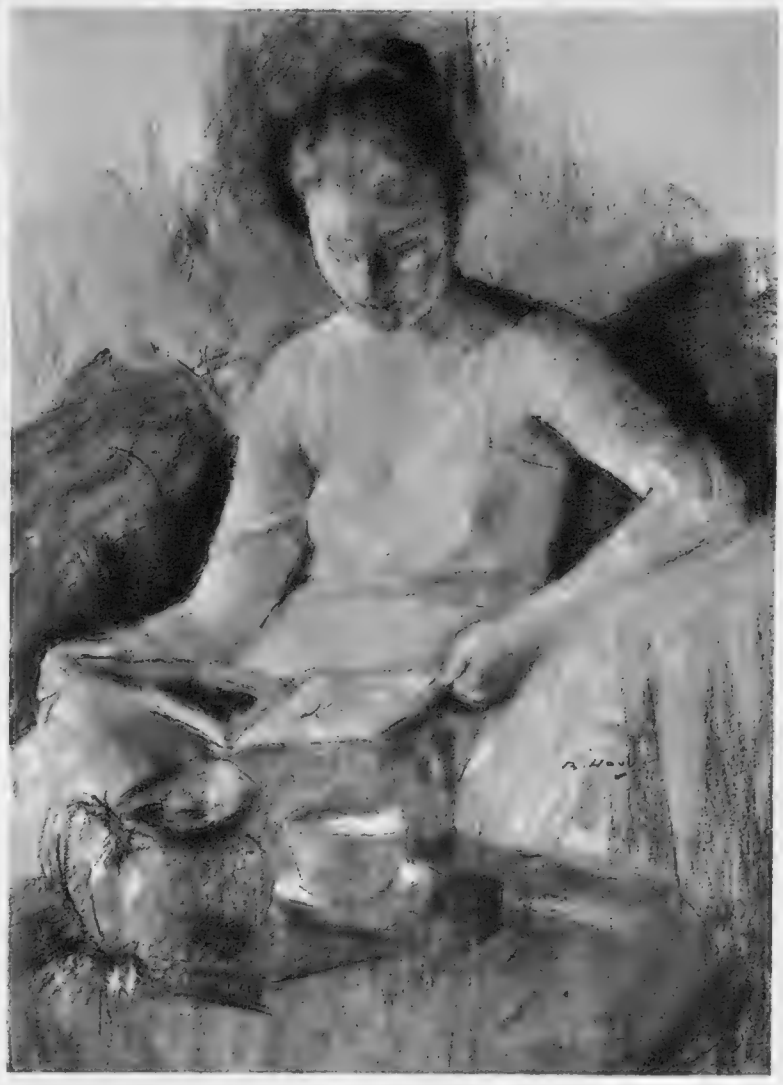


AS THE WATER LEVEL FELL: Workmen carrying out cleaning operations from a boat during the emptying of the basin. While she was drydocked the temporary propellers were removed, new ones being fitted to allow of the vessel attaining a greater speed when running her trials and in service

ART OF BEATRICE HOWE

Walker's Galleries Hold an Exhibition of the Work of a Painter who Excelled in Mother and Child Studies

FEMME DEVANT LE FEU (OIL)



LA CHEMISE ROSE (PASTEL)

Two works that epitomise the scintillant subtlety and elusive quality of the art of the late Beatrice Howe, many of whose paintings, pastels, and drawings—some of which have not been shown before—are on view at an exhibition at Walker's Galleries, New Bond Street, which opened on March 26 and will continue until April 8. The artist, who was born in Devonshire, and died about four years ago, studied under such a master as Herkomer and at the atelier of Lucien Simon, and for the greater part of her life lived and worked abroad, showing regularly at the Société des Beaux Arts in Paris, and being elected a Sociétaire in 1910

TÊTE D'ENFANT, BONNET ROSE

ÉTUDE DE BÉBÉ (PASTEL)

Beatrice Howe's love and interest was for simple people and things, particularly mothers with their babies. In fact so deep was her sympathy towards motherhood, and her understanding of the bond between parent and child, that this eventually became the dominant theme of her life. "I dare not attempt to describe her work in this short letter," wrote one prominent critic, "it would be easier to paint, in sunlight, a butterfly on the wing. She was undoubtedly among the most delicate and distinguished painters who have been contemporaries of Degas, Carrière, and Berthe Morisot." To-day she is represented in municipal galleries all over the world; Dijon, Lyon, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Glasgow, Southport, and Stoke-on-Trent all being fortunate in possessing examples of her skill

DRAMA:

A Very Silly Old Play and an Even Sillier New One: Oscar Asche, Good Fellow and Good Actor: Lawrence Tibbett Sings the "Pagliacci" Prologue

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

A WELL ACTED PLAY BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETTICOAT INFLUENCE": Inspector Helmsley (Ian Fleming), Uncle Jim, the forger (David Horne), and Lynda Kent, the successful operatic singer (Leonora Corbett) in Neil Grant's *Dusty Ermine* which after a successful "trial trip" some time ago began its West End run at the Comedy last month. It is notable for the outstanding individual ability and team work of the cast

THE outstanding features of a theatrically barren week were a very silly very old play and an even sillier very new one.

It is a fairly safe rule that whereas a moderately old play creaks badly, one dug up from the past centuries (I am leaving Shakespearean and other masterpieces out of the discussion) seems fresh, if only by reason of its quaintness. But the rule has its exceptions, and one of them is *Fulgens and Lucrece*, presented by the "Group Theatre" at the Westminster Theatre.

One should, I suppose, be grateful for youthful intelligentsia of, apparently, a somewhat Left tendency having any regard for, or interest in, the past at all. Not for a moment do I doubt the sincerity of this and other "groups"; but I know their little ways.

Fulgens and Lucrece claims to be the first English comedy, and its quality is such that one may express surprise that another English comedy was ever allowed to be produced. Its author is one Henry Medwall, who, it seems, was a parson of sorts—the first English parson to write a play (but not by a very long chalk the last). It was performed in 1497 before the Flemish Ambassador—in revenge for what affront history does not record. By some merciful dispensation of Providence it was then lost until 1919, when, by some unmerciful dispensation of Providence, it was found. Providence, however, refrained from the full measure of its wrath until the production with which we are concerned.

Except for an imbecile notion of having some people in modern dress assembled on the stage itself as a sort of mute and inglorious coroner's jury, and appearing, as they say, "to feel their position acutely," neither the production nor the performance was at all bad. The play itself gave the impression of being made up as it went along. The scheme of Fulgens, a Roman statesman, to sell his daughter, Lucrece (very well played by Miss Isabel Scaife) to the one of two suitors who made the highest bid was interrupted by two clowns. In spite of the admirable efforts of Mr. Ormerod Greenwood and Mr. Walter Ellis, this comic relief was not the sort of relief for which one could give much thanks; Messrs. Naughton and Gold or Messrs. Nervo and Knox might have made something of that material, but I doubt it.

"The Last of the Ladies."—*The Last of the Ladies*, the Apollo's latest effort is, as I have said, even more foolish. And there is less excuse for the author, Mr. Walter Freshman, who, although a youngster, has had more opportunity of learning what a comedy is and what is the taste of the public than his fifteenth century predecessor as a purveyor of tedium. The only real laugh of the evening was that provided by a bizarre rendering of the National Anthem, at full length and funereal pace, on a solo cornet which could not make up its mind which note to play.

The author had throughout the evening been in much the same predicament, for he hovered between comedy and farce and therefore achieved neither. I have rarely known so foolish a basis for either form as this vague story of a French marquis who wanted to retrieve some portraits more or less appertaining to his family (we were led to suppose that the connection had been rather a naughty one) from an English nobleman. In order to do this, the marquis had to pretend that his mistress was his wife. I do not know why. An actor turned up and pretended to be the English nobleman. I do not know why. A fashionable and friendly audience pretended to like this play. I do not know why. But the gallery made rather a rude demonstration at the fall of the curtain. I do know why.

Mr. Freshman showed a certain slickness in the way of some lines which sounded amusing and considerably fewer which really were amusing. He can also allow a character to lounge on a sofa portentously and utter profound and original remarks, of which "Women are strange creatures" may be quoted as a specimen. With study, restraint (particularly in the matter of facetiousness) and the growth of wisdom and humour alike he may one day write a good play. And he made a disarmingly modest, if quite unnecessary, little speech.

About all that one can say of the players in such a piece as this is that, poor souls, they did their best for it. I doubt whether Mr. Nicholas Hannen has ever had so asinine a part. Mr. Charles Heslop, clever comedian, behaved as if it were one long, long revue sketch, probably the wisest course. Miss Athene Seyler, in desperate loyalty, strove to put point and intelligence into lines that had neither. Miss Adele Dixon displayed grace and repose, though why nearly the whole of the time she was on the stage she was twisting a sort of white rag through her fingers was another of the many things about this play which, frankly, I failed to understand.

IN THE "JOURNEY'S END" TRADITION: Robert Donat as Private John Hardcastle, and Meriel Forbes in *Red Night*, the war play by Lansdale Hodson, which Mr. Donat has been backing personally, and the run of which at the Queen's Theatre comes to an end to-day (Saturday)

"A GOODLY MAN, I'FAITH, AND A CORPULENT": Arnold Matters, who, in the title role of Verdi's *Falstaff*, reveals himself a good singer, a good actor, and a good comedian. This most subtle of 19th century comic operas has been drawing large audiences to Sadler's Wells

Oscar Asche.—Oscar Asche, good fellow and good actor, was a tragic instance of a man whose fame and fortune declined as his bulk increased. Partly, perhaps, this was a case of cause and effect. His last years must have been sad indeed for a man who had at one time earned very large sums of money, who had spent it lavishly, and who had gloried in wealth with a certain arrogance which in his case had its lovable side. Indeed, his own life was in some respects strangely analogous to the part he played in *Kismet*, one of his best.

Ill-fortune dogged him relentlessly in the later productions with which he was connected—a revue which ran one night, a footling musical comedy, and a farce at the Aldwych of almost unparalleled nit-wittery were only some of many. Poor Oscar was in his last phase not even allowed what the Americans call a *succès de "flop."*

I prefer to remember Oscar Asche as a genial companion; a judge of a greyhound, a good cigar, and a good game of cricket; a man who loved the sea, country life, and remote villages, and who was a lavish host and, incidentally, something of a genius as a cook.

Not less do I remember him in the days of his prime on the stage—fat (a horse collapsed under him when he was playing with Tree in *Richard II* at His Majesty's) but not too fat, with a fine rich voice, a splendidly virile personality, and not without subtlety when subtlety was needed. As Othello, Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Maldonado in Pinero's *Iris*, Claudius in *Hamlet*, and Count Hannibal in the play of that name, Oscar Asche's performances were in the very first rank. He was much more of an idealist than most people gave him credit for, and a fine artist whom unkindly Nature compelled to play the obese buffoon.

"Metropolitan" (Film).—This film is not about an underground railway, but about New York's opera house, which is rather like one.

I doubt whether the time will ever come when we shall cease to have films about opera stars, opera houses, and musical operations generally, for the field is practically unlimited, and so, it seems, are the financial resources of those who produce them. In those who have the interest of real opera at heart this is no bad thing since it brings it to the fore and gets it talked about; the engagement last year of Miss Grace Moore, film star (though, let it be remembered, she was an opera star before she was a film star), drew into Covent Garden many thousands who had barely heard of that august building and who had probably regarded a visit to the opera as a rather more remote contingency than a visit to the Geological Museum.

Metropolitan is a good film of its kind and has as its story a chorus-boy's rise to fame because a prima donna had looked on him with a pleased and pleasing eye. Whether this idyll could happen in a real opera-house I doubt. It certainly could not happen unless the chorus-boy had assets other than the favour of the prima donna.

Mr. Lawrence Tibbett is not among the great opera singers of the world. But he actually has sung in opera, and at the Metropolitan, and in this film he sings, among other things, the *Pagliacci* prologue at least as well as I have heard it sung by many an Italian.

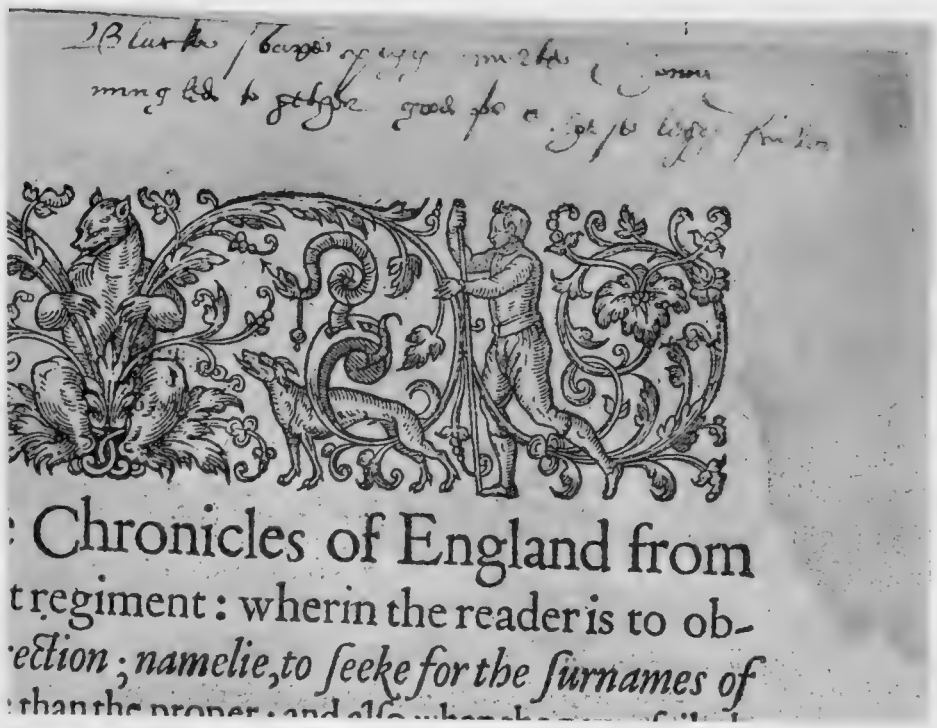
DOMESTIC DRAMA: Grace Allardyce, as the faithful but caustic maid; Edith Sharpe, as the stepmother; Robert Fleming as the son; Elizabeth Western as the daughter; and Ronald Adam as the wronged husband in Noel Streatfeild's *Wisdom Teeth* which has come to the Savoy from the Embassy, Swiss Cottage. Mr. Adam, who is the managing director of the Embassy, is making his first appearance in the West End

A Notable Stratford Find

A Copy of the Hollinshed "Chronicles," with Marginal Notes by Shakespeare

A very interesting discovery, calculated to increase the meagre sum of our knowledge of Shakespeare's life has, as was pointed out in the "London Newsletter" of March 28, just been made by Captain W. Jaggard, of Rose Bank, Stratford, one of the greatest living authorities on Shakespeare and the author of nearly fifty works, mainly on the same subject. It is a copy of a book issued just 349 years ago by Raphael Hollinshed, the

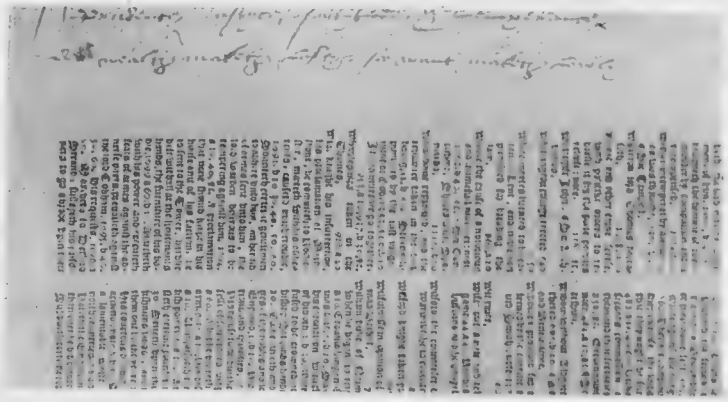
(Continued on right)



ENLARGED PORTION OF UPPER PART OF TITLE PAGE OF THE "CHRONICLES," owned by Captain Jaggard of Stratford, whose claim that some of the marginal notes are written in Shakespeare's handwriting is supported by other experts, to whom it has been submitted

great English Chronicler of the sixteenth century upon whom Shakespeare, as is well known, drew unashamedly for material for his historical plays, sometimes merely throwing into blank verse the actual prose of the chronicler. The volume which has a long authentic history in the possession of a Warwickshire family, quite evidently belonged to the Bard himself, and its immense value lies in the hundred words or so of marginalia which experts at the British Museum and in France have examined, and declare that Captain Jaggard is right in his claim that they are the work of Shakespeare. These roughly scribbled notes by the great poet include a typical epigram ("As wealth maketh lofty, soe want maketh lowly") and no less typical, perhaps, a veterinary recipe providing a cure for swollen fetlocks. In addition certain passages are underscored and it seems clear that they were afterwards used in the writing of Henry VI. This incidentally tallies with the fact that Hollinshed's work appeared in 1587, and the play was begun some time in the following year.

THE COLOPHON of the Hollinshed volume with marginal notes (some by Shakespeare) and elaborate flourishes, the scribblings of a man deeply engrossed with his thoughts. It is the third edition of the *Chronicles*



GIVING THE LIE TO THE BACONIANS: Two more reproductions from the priceless Hollinshed work showing (*above*) a second view of the colophon with further notes at foot, and (*right*) one of the index pages with marginalia. "At the moment," writes Captain Jaggard in a letter to "The Sphere," "a full analysis is being prepared with the various experts' judgments, but already it is recognised that the veterinary recipe, the Holy Ghost motto, and the epigram distinctly proceeded from our national poet's pen." The discovery has another interesting, if less important side to it; namely, that it provides still ampler proof, if proof be needed, of the lack of foundation of one of the many criticisms levelled by the Baconians who in attempting to prove Shakespeare "an illiterate, putty-faced clown," number among their claims the fact that the Bard possessed no books, in that he left none in his will. Thus is another canard accounted for, for it is unreasonable to assume that Shakespeare would have scribbled or written notes so extensively on a volume that was not his own

When Nature Dons Her Verdant Mantle

EAST ANGLIAN IDYL: A delightful stretch of undulating country near a little by-road between Higham and Hadleigh, seldom frequented save by the more venturesome motorists

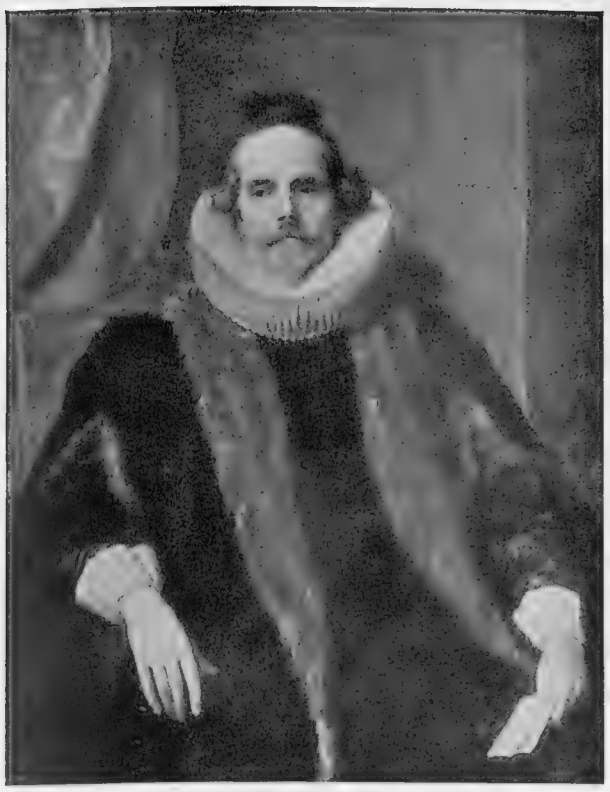
Spring Comes to the Suffolk Countryside

On right—LAMBING TIME: Ewes and their sturdy youngsters grazing on Wittermarsh Green, Stoke-by-Nayland, where, in spite of the severity of the winter, spring is well advanced and the blossom is now in all its glory

RISE IN THE ART BAROMETER

Bond Street Dealers Welcome the Gradual Return of Higher Prices for Old Masters

By CHARLES GRAVES



A HIGH-PRICED VAN DYCK: This portrait of M. Jacques Le Roy, painted prior to the artist's arrival in England, was sold at Christie's in 1929, for £17,850. In this particular year (says Charles Graves in the accompanying article) there were almost more clients than important pictures for sale, and prices often reached phenomenal heights

WITH the passing of March and the feel of spring in the air London's art dealers are looking forward to the best season they will have had since 1929. A tonic has already been administered by the announcement that a Titian and a Piero della Francesca have been sold to the Metropolitan Museum in New York for respectively 70,000 guineas and 80,000 guineas. So good times are here again for Bond Street.

Yesterday I had a round table conversation with the heads of the three chief art dealers in London—which means the world. Each was quietly optimistic. Each, however, talked a certain amount about the good old days. In almost any other trade or profession the "good old days" means before the war. In this instance it means 1928 and 1929 when there were almost more clients than important pictures for sale. Nearly all of them made fortunes, though some were caught napping.

One of the three told me that he had been offered 50,000 guineas for a picture. He refused it, knowing that if the boom continued he would get still more in the next twelve months. That picture remains unsold to this day. Even allowing interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, the masterpiece needs to be sold now for over 60,000 guineas for him to get the equivalent of the original offer. Yet, oddly enough, the big picture dealers never allow for the interest on money locked up in their purchases. Each of them has a stock of anything from £200,000 to £400,000 worth. But their sales are so immune from the law of averages that, as I say, they make no effort in their annual stocktaking to allow for the interest on the capital represented by their goods.

One of them, however, estimated that usually at least ten months elapse between the purchase and sale of any given picture, though it may only be a matter of days or even hours. Another, when pressed, worked out that on an average a picture will be sold by his or any other leading firm of art dealers for a price about 25 per cent. gross more than was paid for it. The disclosure of this figure was not considered very tactful by his colleagues. It was pointed out, however, that in view of the tremendous overhead charges in the form of a Bond Street ground rent, a staff of perhaps eight high grade salesmen (including, of course, directors), insurance at the rate of 3s. 6d. per £100 a year, lighting, and all the other expenses which cannot be avoided including a costly library, this seemed a very modest percentage on the turnover.

Important pictures, of course, have this advantage over all other rare objects, whether nuggets of gold, or diamonds, or anything else—that their original available quantity grows increasingly less (owing to fires or their purchase by museums), and all without any possibility of replacement. Museums are two-edged clients. On the one hand their stable income and purchasing capacity is of the utmost importance to the art dealers. On the other hand, once a museum has bought a picture it is to all intents and purposes permanently out of the market and will never be resold again.

Take, for example, a Vermeer. Only forty or so of the great master's pictures are known to have come down to this generation, and there are probably not more than two or three that can possibly come into the market again. The rest are in public museums or art galleries. Botticelli is represented in modern times by something over eighty pictures. Of these, only five can ever pass through the hands of the art dealers again. In the past thirty years only six Raphaels have changed hands. Two were sold by Lady Desborough for £125,000 each, and two came from the late Tzar's collection and, incidentally, were sold for even more.

By contrast, something under 600 pictures by Rembrandt have come down to us, and since the beginning of the century as many as 200 have been bought and sold. One of these world-famous picture dealers told me that not so long ago he never had fewer than ten Rembrandts for sale at any given moment.

Speaking generally, pictures by Old Masters who died over a hundred years ago do not vary in price except according to world conditions. That is to say that good examples of Gainsborough or of Rubens or any other famous painter you like to name do not rise and fall in price compared with one another. Anyone more recent, however, would, if he were alive, have a most unpleasant shock. Time was when rich clients would give Sir Alma Tadema 3,000 guineas for a blank canvas. They paid him that money before they saw the picture. Leighton was almost equally fortunate in his lifetime. To-day you cannot even give his works away. This is partly a matter of psychology. No generation has appreciated to the full the belongings or works of art of its father's or grandfather's epoch. It does not matter whether it is a matter of clothes, furniture, hats, or even liquors or authors. Such things immediately have a slump. In the case of pictures the trend is further emphasised by living portrait painters anxious to commend themselves and their own works and therefore increase their incomes at the expense of their immediate predecessors. It is seldom, indeed, that you find a present-day artist praising openly the work of his immediate superior in age. This is only human, and yet it is for this very reason that people who pay Messrs. Blank, Blank, Blank or Blank anything from 800 guineas to 1,500 guineas for portraits need not think for an instant that their children or even their grandchildren will be able to sell them at a profit. Possibly their great-grandchildren may do so.

It is a fact that there are but a few living artists whose works would find anything approaching a decent price in the auction rooms to-day. In an auction room there is no certainty of the minimum price obtainable for the work of any artist, any more, if it comes to that, than there is a guarantee that an old picture is genuine. It is for this reason that quite a few of our leading artists to-day—I do not refer to the fashionable Mayfair portrait painters, who can take care of themselves very well—are guaranteed a certain income by the art dealers. The usual procedure is that they receive a sum of, let us say, £200 a quarter from the art dealers. In return for this they send their pictures, when completed, to the art dealer, who, at the end of the year, pays out, after deducting the usual commission, any sum that is surplus to the original annuity. In this way the artist is saved worrying about his grocer's bills and rent, while the art dealer knows he has first call on the artist's work. There is one instance of an art dealer who commands the complete output of perhaps the best known artist alive. This means to say that if you or I want a portrait painted by the said artist we will find ourselves directed to the art dealer to arrange the affair.

THE UBIQUITOUS REMBRANDT: "Portrait of a Warrior," one of the many surviving pictures by the great Dutch master, which are always in keen demand. This example fetched £16,380 when it was sold to the Savile Gallery in 1929

Neither in France nor in England has it been found that women are good salesmen. There seems no particular reason for this. There is also little or no demand in this country for copies of old masters, unless some distressed nobleman has had to sell a family portrait to keep a roof over his head. Such copies can be secured for £100 or £150, but they fetch no price in the auction rooms.

In conclusion, I am assured that the public grows more interested every year in pictures. The various great exhibitions of Dutch, Italian, and French old masters at Burlington House have increased the number of potential buyers considerably. So in a smaller way have the exhibitions held in increasing quantities on their own premises by the dealers. In addition to this, after a complete absence of four years, the Americans are beginning to buy again, and the Colonial galleries are also coming into the market.

No wonder the dealers in Bond Street are again beginning to allow shy smiles to flit occasionally over their otherwise poker-like features.

SURVIVING OLD MASTERS

A List Showing the Approximate Number of Works by Famous Artists which have Survived to this Day and the Number of their Works which have Been Auctioned Since the War

Artist	Number of Existing Paintings		Sold Since 1918
Fra Angelico	111	Including frescoes but not including "werkstatt"	1
Botticelli	88	Including frescoes, excluding illustrations to Dante and "falschlich zugeschrieben"	6
Correggio	64		1
Dou	227		15
Durer	123	Excluding engravings	Nil
Van Dyck	570		40
Hals Franz	192	Including groups	28
Holbein	113	Including miniatures	4
Mantegna	66	Including sets of frescoes	1
Memling	48	Counting the Chasse of St. Ursula and the altar pieces as one picture	3
Michelangelo	—	No record, but very few	Nil
Murillo	275		Impossible to say
Perugino	161		5
Raphael	118	Roughly; innumerable frescoes	2
Rembrandt	559	Including sketches; excluding newly-found pictures and paintings by pupils touched up by the master	55
Rubens	502	Including the Marie de Medici and Consul Decius series	34 (including sketches in oil)
Titian	246	Omitting works attributed to master	7
Tintoretto	250	Approximately	16
Velasquez	178		3
Watteau	70	Omitting the doubtful pictures and copies	4
Giotto	—	Mostly frescoes	—
Van Eyck	—	Friedlander catalogues 31, two of which he queries	Nil
Vermeer	—	De Groot catalogues 54, but some of these may be the same picture catalogued twice or more; 39 or 40 is the more likely number	1

YOUTH—BEAUTY—BRAINS

Feminine Personalities IN THE NEWS

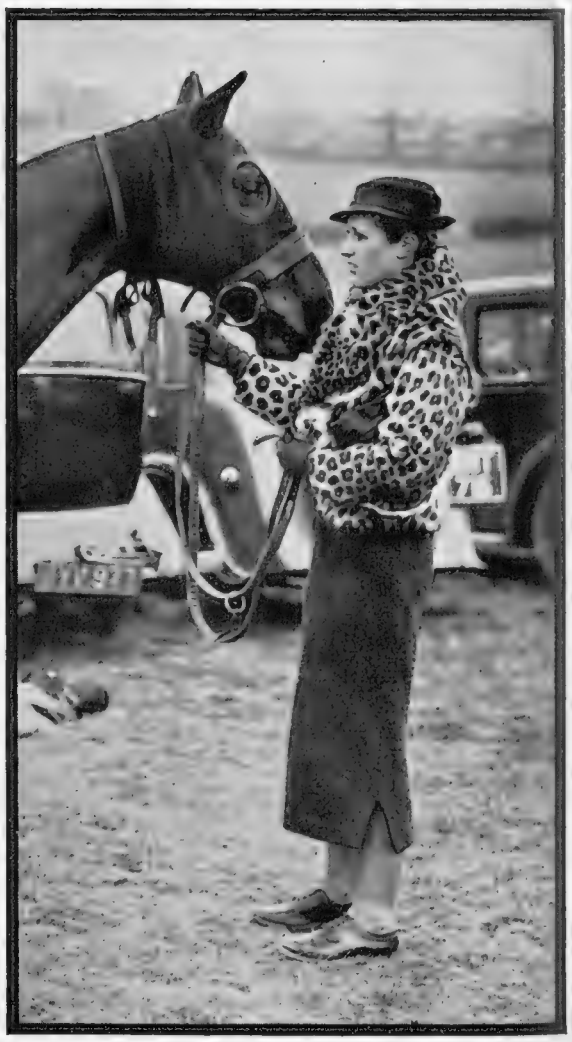
A CHARMING VISITOR TO LONDON: Madame Monteiro, wife of Dr. Armindo Monteiro, Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs, who came over with her husband at the commencement of the sittings of the League of Nations Council on the Rhineland question. Dr. Monteiro is a former university professor

BUDDING GENIUS: Negiko Suwa, talented sixteen-year-old Japanese violinist, of whom great things are expected. She recently left Tokyo for Europe, where she is to carry out an extensive concert tour of the capitals

STUART COSTUME: Little Grace Burnaby, four-and-a-half year old daughter of Davy Burnaby, as she appeared in the tableaux representing the famous Civil War picture, "When Did You Last See Your Father?," one of the features of the Cavalcade of Art Matinee held on Tuesday of this week at the Cambridge Theatre in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association. Another tableau represented the Wilton Diptych, in which Lady Hinchingbrooke and Lady Hambleden took part

PETER PAN: Jean Forbes-Robertson, brilliant exponent of the title role of Barrie's immortal play, evidently has a never-grow-up strain in her character, and in her own home, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, she often spends her leisure hours perfecting her elaborate model electric railway

BRITAIN'S ONLY WOMAN SUPERINTENDENT REGISTRAR: Miss K. M. Busby, who has held this post for six years at Fulham, during which time she has married hundreds of couples. She is pictured here at her desk in her office at the Town Hall



POINT-TO-POINTING: Mrs. Hope Osborne (Primrose Salt that was) with one of the entrants at the recent Whaddon Chase steeplechase meeting held at Nash, near Leighton Buzzard. Her wedding in India last year was one of the high lights of the Delhi season and was attended by the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon

EASTER'S AHEAD

So New Hats Should Be Chosen Now

With Two Separated Brims

A blue felt sailor that is different. In the first instance because of its flat crown, and in the second because it has a double brim kept apart by a band of white petersham. It costs three guineas, and is worn with a light-weight shepherd plaid dress and a sleeveless coat, which falls loosely from a pointed yoke. This costs six-and-a-half guineas. They both come from Marshall and Snelgrove

An ideal holiday hat is shewn on the right at the head of this page. It is made in a roughly-woven, amber-coloured fabric and has a stitched brim with two tucks giving a broken crown-line. Priced at 49s. 6d., it is worn with an uncrushable Matalasse dress with a half-length box coat. This, too, costs 6½ guineas and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

Here, on the right, is a most distinguished and flattering hat in lacquered pedal straw. Made in brown, navy, and black, it is trimmed with a floral posy and a stiffened veil. It comes from Henry Heath of 105, Oxford Street, W., where they have some most attractive uncrushable taffeta holiday hats for 25s.

The Dromedary Crown

Peter Clark

The WORLD of BOOKS

THE MAID AND THE MATRON: Two studies by Rockwell Kent, the brilliant American artist, from his lavishly illustrated book, *Salamina*, which has just been published in this country by Faber and Faber, and is reviewed on this page. Mr. Kent, who is much better known in the United States than over here, has now been living in Greenland for some years, and his portrayal of Eskimo types has won him high praise. Many of the natives have become his close friends and, knowing every intimate detail of their daily lives, his work has thus gained an added force

IN labelling his characters with a text from Siegfried Sassoon, Mr. Keith Winter seems deliberately to be setting a critical focus for his new novel. Yet the emotional tensity of **IMPASSIONED PYGMIES** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) loses nothing by this exhortation to the wrong end of a telescope; and the tragedy loses less from the stature of the author's view of his creations.

E. L. Marius, "at the same time the most abused and most idolised literary figure of his age," Helga, his wife, the attendant train of note-taking, quarrelling disciples, as well as the celebrated Andrew Jordan, brilliant young dramatist, are all blatant caricatures, brilliant in their distortion—pygmies, if Mr. Winter likes, but as necessary to the argument as a Greek chorus.

For the story is Saul's and Rollo's, sons of Marius, the setting the island of Miramar (again caricature), and the tragedy a spiritual and physical conflict. And when the passion is spent there is nothing much to be done but for two famous men to die, one youngster to shatter life to bits with brutal incomprehension, and the other to preserve what balance he can in the face of what he cannot prevent.

Mr. Keith Winter can write. From the beginning his story is pitched high on an emotional note. A lesser artist might fail in tensity through a long novel in which most of the action is apparently inconsequential. Instead, the book has a texture of sustained excitement, and a proper climax of dramatic effect. It is a novel which not only impresses its character and action upon the memory, but compels discussion with all who, enjoying the best in contemporary letters, must be nagged at until they heed it.

Mr. Joseph Shearing is also a sure hand at atmosphere and action. **THE GOLDEN VIOLET** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is subtitled "The Story of a Lady Novelist." Angelica Cowley made a comfortable competence out of the heart-throbs of library subscribers a hundred years ago. No tongue-in-the-cheek romantic she; and it was reasonable that she should fall for a picturesque Jamaican planter, who in turn ships her off to the Caribbean, ill-treats her and squanders her hard-earned fortune.

Again on the romantic trail, she falls in love with a handsome quadroon. The grim realities of life on the island, slave riots, the violent deaths of husband and lover, are all in contrast to the life of love triumphant and happy endings upon which her working dreams are built.

Back in England, we see her attempting to correlate to what she considers a normal life these fantastic and seemingly impossible happenings. It is all very exciting, credible, and enjoyable. Mr. Shearing is a master at posing violence and the atmosphere of base emotions against the seeming opposite pole of sentimentality. The relation is exact and satisfying; the breath of life is upon every scene and in every character.

I have envied authors because of the lovely places in which they lived and worked, and because of the ease with which they undertook impossibly long journeys to all the places to which I wanted to go myself, and because of the money I imagined they must make, and because of the wide-eyed innocence with which they were able to lampoon their friends in novels. But how much more enviable than these is the lot of Miss G. B. Stern, who counts the most amusing figures in contemporary letters among her most intimate friends, and who once "painted a picture of Noël Coward painting a picture."

MONOGRAM (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) is a pleasantly discursive book which follows no particular form, except perhaps that suggested by M. Xavier de Maistre in *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*. The room the author has chosen, and which surely deserves a sequel, contains a number of paintings, books, *bibelots*, memories, and views each of which has suggested a starting point for a few pages of reminiscence. Often the recollections seem curiously unrelated, and it is then that they are most entertaining, for Miss Stern adventures both backwards and forwards, and if it were possible, sideways in time, giving us impressions of her childhood and last year's Hollywood earthquake with admirable nonchalance and a rather headache-y feeling of speed.

Although I tried hard, all the time I was reading Miss Stern's book, to behave like the irritating little boy in the Stephen Leacock story about the conjuror who whispered hoarsely and knowingly: "He's got it up his sleeve," and predicted the unpredictable,

A KAYAKER: A forceful study of an Eskimo boatman—another example of the clever work of Rockwell Kent. "The kayak," writes Mr. Kent in his new book, "is perhaps the finest craft that mankind has devised. It is less a boat or canoe than an extension of man himself to be amphibious; the kayak and the man are one"

I was not a success. The author was always too quick for me, and was ready to discuss first nights or first cocktails before one can say H. G. Wells, and while one is still breathlessly catching up with the page about Mediterranean sea-urchins.

Read it and laugh; read it and be irritated; or read it and be fascinated, and it is certainly a book in a class of its own.

Mr. Gordon Enders spent his childhood on the borders of India and Tibet, chose a mountain pass as his playground, and finally became adviser to the Panchan Lama of Tibet.

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.), which I think is a good title for this book of remote adventures, is written by Mr. Enders "with," the publishers say carefully, Mr. Edward Anthony. How far the collaboration went I do not of course know, nor is it particularly important from the reader's point of view, but I would like to be able to congratulate the right person on the fine photographs, which are exciting even in the cases where they have been too much enlarged to conform to the modern taste in illustrations.

Roughly, the book is autobiography, but its chief interest for most of us is in the stories of Tibet, and its monasteries and musicians and mountains; of the day when the author was given his "Passport to Heaven," and became the only foreigner to hold it, and of the day when the Lama broadcast "over an all-China hook-up!"

The curiosities are fascinating too. There is a photograph of a complete map in relief of "the land of heaven" worked in butter, a description of a fierce fight between monks over the correct way of cooking rice, and a really hair-raising story about a yak licking a man's face to the bone.

Even for stay-at-homes, or particularly for stay-at-homes this is a rousingly good book of adventure, told with effective directness.

As an artist Mr. Rockwell Kent is better known in America than over here, or at least that was true up to the last year or two, and now, with the publication of his new book, **SALAMINA** (Faber and Faber. 15s.), he seems likely to attain the same prestige in England as in New York.

Some time ago Mr. Kent "discovered" Greenland, and since he liked both the country and the people he decided to settle down there. He has now been living there some years, has built himself a house, and shares and understands the life of the people of Igdlorssuit, the little settlement in North Greenland which he chose as his home.

Salamina is the story of his life there, and it is, I suppose, a narrative of actual fact, but the author's enthusiasm, and his ability to convey it to his reader give the book an enchantment that really seems too good to be true. True it nevertheless is, and there are moments, as in the account of the dogs fighting for their food, when one has a vivid enough reminder of this.

Artists are supposed (erroneously) to lead a contemplative life. Mr. Kent seems always to have been to the fore in the salmon-fishing expeditions, he learnt to race his team of dogs, to hunt seals, and to dance all night, and nights in Greenland are apt to be long. But of all his adventures the discovery of Salamina herself, for whom the book is named, was the greatest, and her appointment as housekeeper was the greatest of his successes. She cherished Mr. and Mrs. Kent with impartial devotion, worked hard, and was almost overwhelmingly conscientious. Most important of all, she proved a heaven-sent model, and Mr. Kent's drawings of her are delightful.

As a matter of fact, the illustrations would have redeemed an exceedingly dull book, and this happens to be an exceedingly interesting one. As it is, the eighty drawings and chapter headings are a joy in themselves, and an incentive to copy our American friends, and start a collection of "Kentiana."

Vernon Fane

BOOKS RECEIVED

JUTA & CO., LTD. (Walker Bros., London, Ltd.).—THREE WEEKS IN WONDERLAND: The Kruger National Park. By Edith L. Prance. 3s. 6d. COLLINS.—STRANGE MELODY. By Neil Bell. 8s. 6d. THE FROZEN EARTH AND OTHER POEMS. By Winifred Holtby. 2s. DEAN.—DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE & COMPANIONAGE 1936. Edited by C. F. J. Hankinson. 84s. GOLLANCZ.—CANON TO RIGHT OF THEM. By Bruce Marshall. 7s. 6d. SANDBAR SINISTER. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. 7s. 6d. GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY. By C. E. M. Joad. 6s. KELLY'S DIRECTORIES, LTD.—ROYAL BLUE BOOK COURT AND PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE, 1936. 7s. 6d. KELLY'S HANDBOOK TO THE TITLED, LANDED, AND OFFICIAL CLASSES, 1936. 40s. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.—UGANDA. By H. B. Thomas, O.B.E., and Robert Scott. With an Introduction by Sir Bernard H. Bourdillon, and a Foreword by the Right Hon. Lord Lugard. Illustrated. 15s. BIBLE AND SPADE: An Introduction to Biblical Archaeology. By Stephen L. Caiger, B. D. Illustrated. 5s. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—THE THIRTEENTH GUEST. By S. W. Powell. 7s. 6d. I WILL NOT REST. By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by K. S. Shelvankar. 8s. 6d. DENIS ARCHER.—MAIDEN LADIES. By Bernard Hardwick. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—FROM PHELPS TO GIELGUD: Reminiscences of the Stage Through Sixty-Five Years. By Sir George Arthur. Introduction by John Gielgud. 15s. REVOLVING STAGE. By Priscilla Schryver. 7s. 6d. SMOKING ALTARS. By Gladys St. John Loe. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—THE SECOND OLDEST PROFESSION: A Study of the Prostitute's "Business Manager." By Ben L. Reitman. Preface by Harry Roberts. 8s. 6d. THE BATTLE GROUND. By Hilaire Belloc. 12s. 6d. ONE-WAY TICKET. By Ethel Turner. 7s. 6d. FORGIVE ADAM. By Michael Foster. 7s. 6d. MUD AND STARS. By Robert Clive. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—COMMERCIAL HOTEL. By Ruth Anderson. 7s. 6d. ANNA CRAFT. By Richard Ford. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE. By Robertson Halket. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL. TEAM WORK. By Joan Butler. 7s. 6d

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE. **KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS★** ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Mr. Nares made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test—

HERE IT IS – YOU TRY HIS DRASTIC TEST! –

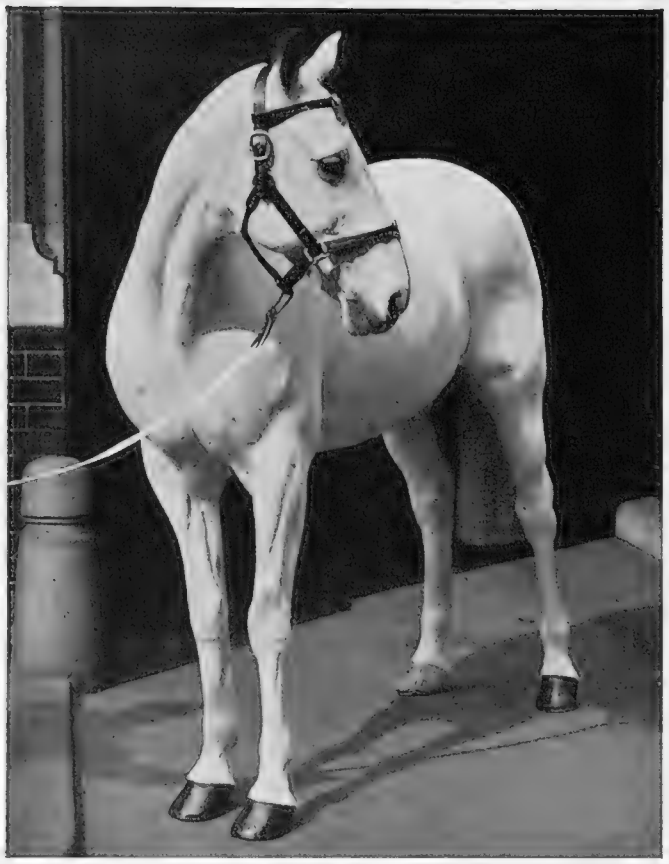
1. Mr. Nares put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.

2. He placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. He did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.

3. After five minutes, he lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were in perfect smoking condition.

★Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough



EQUINE VETERAN: Quicksilver, the favourite mount of Sir Percy Laurie, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, is retiring from duty along with his master after over twenty years' service, during which he has acted as charger for General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, receiving shrapnel wounds at the Somme. Latterly Quicksilver became a familiar figure in the streets of London, carrying Sir Percy on countless ceremonial occasions

DEFYING SILICOSIS: Professor David T. Jones (right), the new head of the Mining Department of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, adjusting a dust-trap connected up with the latest type of "Mark Four" respirator worn by one of his assistants. This apparatus is effective in preventing the disease common to miners as a result of dust inhalation

DUAL RESPONSIBILITY: Mr. W. M. Goodenough handing one of the keys of Westminster Hospital's ancient strong box to Mr. Rennie Hoare on the latter's appointment as Joint Treasurer. The box, in which the hospital's Great Seal is kept, is of considerable antiquity and it is thought possible that it is a relic of the Spanish Armada

MADAME LA GUILLOTINE

A Paris Sale Recalls France's Famous Family of Executioners, the Sansons

GORY RELIC: The guillotine blade which was recently auctioned in Paris for £160, and which it is believed was actually used for the beheading of Louis XVI. Even if this is not the case it is known to have been the means of ending the lives of many aristocrats

"I HAVE just paid £160 at a Paris auction sale for an ancient guillotine blade which there is some reason to believe is the original which actually beheaded Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette."

What, I wonder, would be the effect produced if you returned home to dinner rather later than usual one evening and made such an announcement? I tried it myself last week, and after a moment's appalled silence, which I employed in looking round the drawing-room walls as if for a suitable place to hang the blade up, I was frankly (and rightly) not believed.

Nevertheless, someone in Paris *was* able that evening truthfully to proclaim himself the successful bidder for this gory trophy at that price. Accompanying documents testify that it was the property of Charles Henri Sanson, executioner till 1793, from whom it passed to his son Henri, his grandson, Henri Clément, thence to Heindereich, and finally to Roch. Roch's widow sold it in 1893 to a collector.

Experts agree that it is a genuine blade of the same pattern as that which beheaded Louis XVI, but Victor Hugo relates that Charles Henri Sanson told some English tourists who wanted to see the actual regicidal blade that he had sold it amongst a lot of "old iron" to a junk merchant. Although it is therefore not certain that the present blade can claim the honour of regal gore, it is probable that, included in Sanson's box of "spare parts," it ended the sufferings of many unfortunate aristocrats; after all, it is estimated that 4,000 tested the blameless Dr. Guillotin's apparatus which he had intended for the painless slaughter of cattle.

One wonders in these Freudian days what cumulative psychological effect the family business had on the seven generations of Sansons who held the office of public torturer and executioner. Marie de Medici is credited by some chroniclers with having brought the first Sanson from Italy when she married Henri IV. in the sixteenth century (Bond Street shops which specialise in "helpful hints for wedding presents" may care to note this) and the office descended from father to son till 1847. Royalist historians say that Charles Henri (1740–1793) who executed Louis, died of despair six months later, leaving a goodly sum for an annual mass of expiation. Poor Charles Henri, one can well believe that the family business weighed on his mind. As a schoolboy he learned to go about in fear and trembling, for as soon as his paternity was discovered he was mercilessly bullied. His father changed his school several times in vain. His son, Henri (1767-1840), executed Marie Antoinette, Louis' sister Elisabeth, the Duc d'Orleans and others.

Contemporaries record increasing mildness of character in the successive Sansons, Henri Clément, the last, seems to have been a crushed, retiring, melancholy bourgeois with strong disinclinations to talk "shop." Pressed one day to describe his emotions when about to perform his duties, he hesitated for long and then murmured: "Well, sir, I was always anxious to get it over quickly."

An enterprising publisher persuaded him to provide materials for a literary "ghost" to write his family memoirs. 80,000 copies were sold when in 1862 they appeared in six volumes. I have not given myself the pleasure of reading them, but I am told that their pages form a frightful record of illustrious personages mixed indiscriminately with poisoners, parricides, murderers, and assassins, sized up from a somewhat rare point of view. My learned friend Pierre Larousse comments upon them thus- "Passing from victims of revolutionary fanaticism to victims of a judicial error, like Lesurques, and finally to monsters like Desrues and Poulmann, the horror of this long trail of blood brings a lump to the throat and one is ready to throw the book down crying, 'Take these terrible images from before my eyes and abolish the death penalty.'"

This, it so happens, was precisely the effect desired by the pious Henri, who wrote in his preface: "I do not wish to satisfy the curiosity of those who, not daring to seek to gratify their passions at the foot of the scaffold itself, would nevertheless like to find here a written 'photograph' of the final peripeties in death's theatre."

"Throughout," pursues M. Larousse, "Sanson's writing is lively, imaginative, horrible, poignant. Sometimes he freezes one heart, as in the passage describing the torture and execution of the poor madman, Damiens, who struck Louis XV."

I spare you the terrible details and will end with the one known joke connected with this melancholy family. It is grim but tremendous. Rashly before ever I tell it, will I not hesitate to assert that Dickens would have savoured its rollicking farce, Hogarth its grand pictorial possibilities, Balzac its ironic financial basis, and Shakespeare its suggestions of Falstaffian scenes amongst Macbethan horrors. Would that I could start the echoes of thunderous laughter round the globe by recounting it to Dr. Johnson and Homer. Here it is:

Although Henri Clément inherited a small fortune, he spent it so freely that one day he landed in Clichy prison, the Paris Marshalsea. Failing a heaven-sent cessation of crime, this meant that sooner or later Henri would inevitably lose the family business. In vain he plied his creditor with the most touching prayers, protesting that in his absence Society would fall to pieces. Finally the creditor relented. "I'll let you go, but—you must pawn me the guillotine."

The creditor took the instrument home for the delectation of his friends. The inevitable befell. Sanson received the Public Prosecutor's orders for an execution!!! The guillotine in pawn! Distracted, Sanson implored his creditor to lend him his machine "for a few hours only. I swear to return it." The creditor was inexorable. "Either redeem your pledge properly or I keep it," were his last words. There was nothing else for it; the Public Prosecutor had to be told, and the Minister of Justice finally ordered payment of the 3,000 francs necessary to redeem the guillotine. And—yes, you have guessed it—the Public Prosecutor sacked him!

J. H.

THE DREADED TUMBRIL: The aristos start their journey to the guillotine. A dramatic episode from the recent film success, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*

The GENUINE GIN COCKTAIL - made with GORDON'S GIN . . .

★ ★ DAILY MAIL World's Greatest Open Cocktail Competition won with Gordon's Gin

There are also the other recipes of Gordon's Genuine Cocktails to choose from:—

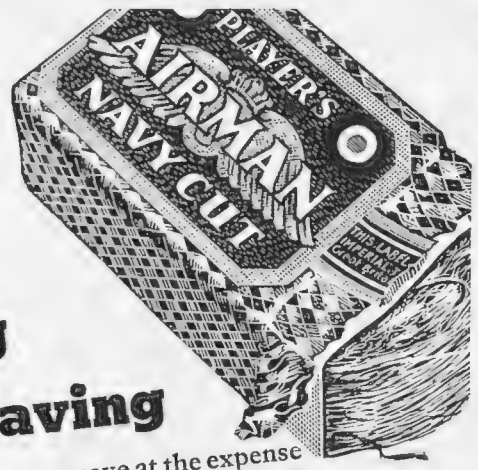
PICCADILLY, MARTINI
DRY-MARTINI
MANHATTAN, BRONX
PERFECT, FIFTY-FIFTY

10/6 per bottle (U.K. only)

GENUINE COCKTAILS - NOT CHEAP WINE CONCOCTIONS

MADE AS COCKTAILS SHOULD BE MADE ACCORDING TO THE CORRECT RECIPES

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON



Smoking and Saving

Wise smokers never save at the expense of enjoyment. But when a tobacco reaches up to a standard, rather than down to a price, then saving acquires a satisfaction of its own. That is why so many men prefer

PLAYER'S AIRMAN TOBACCOS

MIXTURE
FLAKE
NAVY CUT

10d PER OZ

NAVY CUT DE-LUXE 11D

P.A.46 B

HENRY HEATH LTD
105-7-9 OXFORD ST. W.1.
172 NEW BOND ST. W.1.

Luna style 6510. The ever popular sports felt. In all new colours. Obtainable from all agents. 21/-

A DANGER TO PASSING TRAINS: The guard towers at the entrance to the Khojak tunnel, in the Quetta area, which were badly cracked during the great earthquake in May of last year and are now being removed

PITIABLE PLIGHT: Survivors of the Quetta earthquake in the camp established for the destitute refugees

SAFE AND SOUND: This bungalow of earthquake-resisting design was erected in 1931 and was one of the few buildings in Quetta that survived the 1935 disaster

LAWRENCE . . . OF ETHIOPIA?

(Continued from page 10)

lost to Baretieri through faulty maps and lack of intelligence reports, each of which flaws could now be more than remedied by an hour's aerial reconnaissance.

Ras Mouloughetta's defence of Amba Alagi, with its shattering sequel for the Abyssinian morale, was the very last thing that the "someone bigger" would have sanctioned. But there was no one present subtly to win over the Negus to the lesser risk, the maintenance at all costs of that guerilla condition in the field into which events have since perforce slipped, only with the Ethiopians a demoralised host.

No "last stands" anywhere. Such should have been General Army Order No. 1. Rather, a permanent copying of those legendary Arabs who folded their tents and silently stole away.

Contemplating a Lawrence in action in Abyssinia these latter months, one is at once struck by certain factors.

Lawrence might not have had an adequate "Gold Room" upon which to draw. Against this, would he have needed one, and, if so, might not his presents have served to tap foreign sources living in hopes of concessions?

He would have been handicapped by an insufficiency of arms and especially of explosives.

Factors operating in his favour easily out-distance the above.

Firstly, there would have been his immense prestige.

Secondly, Lawrence would have come thoroughly tutored in the use of precisely those weapons upon which the enemy was relying to bring him swift victory. At various times during or since the war, Lawrence mastered the machine-gun, the automatic rifle, the aeroplane, and the tank. Indeed, he did still more of a kind that is relevant to the tools Badoglio has been successfully wielding. Lawrence also invaded the sapper's and gunner's field with the result that he secured a first-hand working knowledge of destruction and of gunnery. And demolition would have ranked very high in his campaign which, as far as one dare see it, must have hinged upon paralysing the invading Italians, on embarrassing as many troops, and on destroying or disorganising as much in the way of material supplies as humanly possible.

Lawrence used to say that "killing engines" was more important than killing Turks. He referred to his intermittent descents on the Damascus-Medina railway, sole link between the Turkish armies in the North and South. The Arabs used to refer to their adored young white chief (actually he was lobster-red, the sun doing that with him) as "The Destroyer of Engines." Perhaps, in Ethiopia, they might have changed it to "Wrecker of Lorries." For it is certain that Lawrence would have concentrated on two things (*a*) reducing the invaders' morale by incessant raiding relatively safe for the raiders, (*b*) maintaining a non-stop offensive against the enemy's supplies, with special reference to free-of-sanctions, vital fuel.

It will be argued that Lawrence never had more than 3,000 men under him. Yes, but with those he managed to cancel the usefulness of twelve times as many of the enemy.

The plain fact is that Lawrence on his one campaign evolved a new theory of war that would have equally applied in Ethiopia. It was designed to turn the weakness of the Arabs into an asset and the very strength of the Turks into a debit—by compelling the latter to spread out ever more widely in order to check guerilla attacks which cropped up wherever they didn't happen to be at the moment; while, at the same time, the Arabs struck at the material supplies of which the Turks were short. But they avoided engagement with the enemy effectives of whom there were plenty—until the Turks finally were forced to extend too widely. Then the Arabs fell upon men as well as material.

Under the Lawrentian genius, the Arabs inflicted a maximum of damage and casualties with a stimulating minimum loss to themselves. For the orthodox principle of concentration, Lawrence substituted dispersion; for fixed battle, he substituted "a creeping paralysis produced by an intangible ubiquity." How easily such things could have been encompassed in Abyssinia! How easily, too, could the time-honoured principles of mobility and surprise been given increased significance. Lawrence was a master of both. He also saw more clearly than any other soldier the growing dependence of warring nations upon industrial resources no less than on modern communications which Kitchener was the first to appraise at their true worth. Lawrence would have made war on those industrial resources which raised the Italian invasion forces away above the native defenders in military striking power.

As suggested, it is indeed far from certain if Lawrence would ever have ventured near Abyssinia. Many will no doubt aver emphatically that he would not have done so. Yet you have a major human enigma to cope with. Moreover, if Lawrence obeyed only his conscience, the consciences of many far less worthy people were sorely smitten last year.

Lawrence at a loose end and bored would never have responded. But we need to bear in mind that neap-tide notion. Might he have recognised his great moment to have come when the last African Empire passionately prayed for his presence that it might endure in its centuries-old aloofness from the white man? Knowing that he possessed an incomparable equipment with which to stave off the intruder as none other could have come near to doing . . . would Lawrence have gone?

"Crikey!"

That's Quick-starting— — that was!

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

In a London Flat

The lounge, like every other room in this pleasingly designed flat, was furnished and decorated throughout by Harrods. The three-piece suite, horse-shoe shaped, is covered in pale green and cream spot velour —£33.15. Light pomeli maple is used for the wall cabinet £29.10. and weathered sycamore for the oval book-table in the foreground, £13.19.6. A stool with masur birch seat and painted wrought-iron under-frame completes the group, £5.15.

Be sure to visit Harrods Exhibit at the Ideal Home Exhibition

HARRODS

Harrods Ltd London SW1

CAESAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

By C. AMBLER

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture, 15 ins. by $10\frac{1}{4}$ ins.), at **5/-** each.

Copies signed by the artist, **10/-** each.

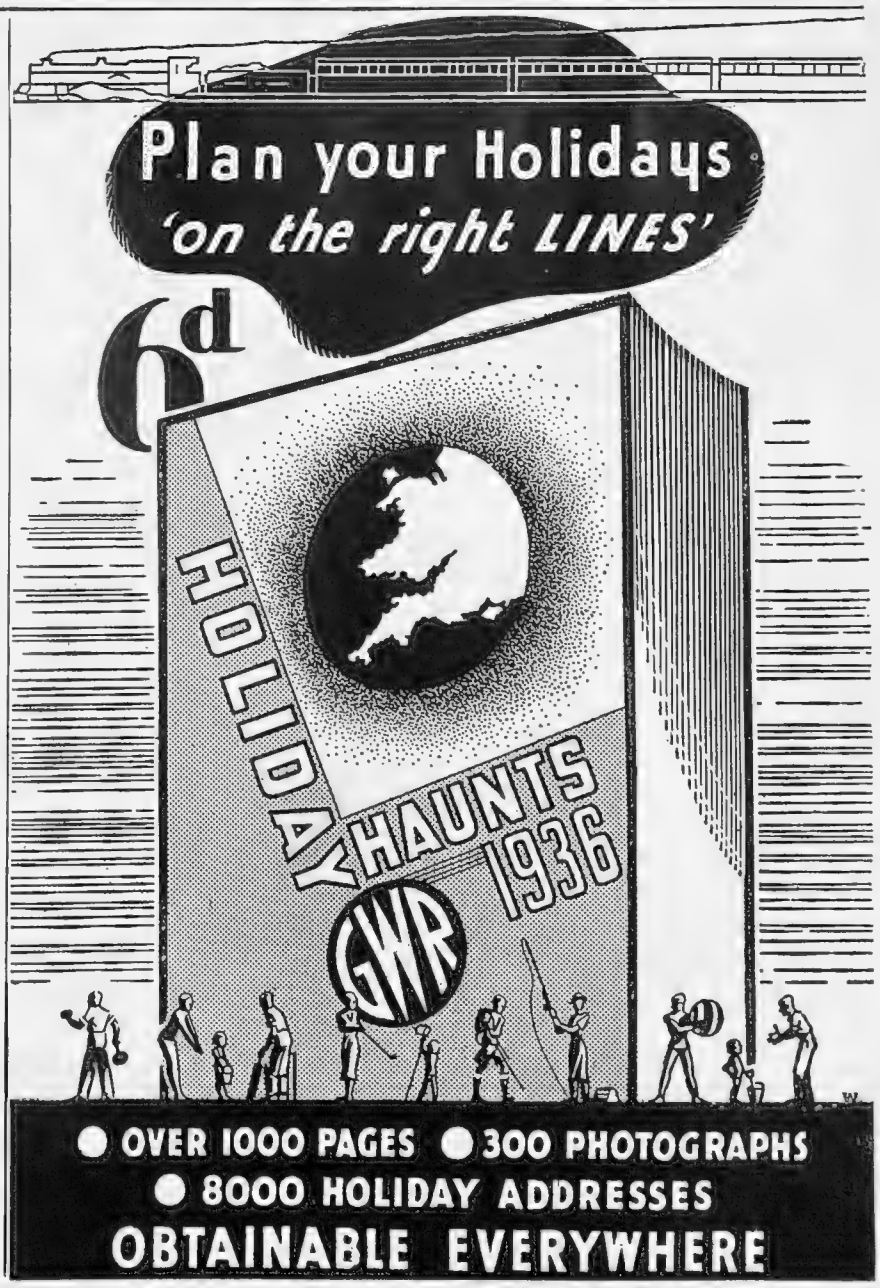
Postage in each case 6d. extra.

Or framed complete in best quality $\frac{1}{2}$-in. Polished Black Moulding, as shown above, with Plywood back and Glass. Size overall $20\frac{3}{4}$ ins. by $16\frac{3}{4}$ ins. Packed in Wooden Crate and Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) **10/6** each.

Or copies signed by the artist, **15/6** each.

Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.,
32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4



LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN...

Spitzbergen, where the midnight sun turns the night sky into a panorama of entrancing beauty; the Norwegian Fjords, where the great P. & O. liner "Viceroy of India" is dwarfed by the rugged grandeur of the towering cliffs; the Northern Capitals, gay, prosperous cities, offering endless pleasures to holiday-makers; these delightful cruises are among those programmed by the P. & O. for this summer.

By VICEROY OF INDIA, 20,000 tons

(First Class passengers only.)

JUNE 19 Leith, Trondhjem, Hammerfest, Spitzbergen, Tromso, Narvik, Bergen, Leith. 14 days. Fares from 21 gns.

JULY 4 Stavanger, Oystese, Molde, Aandalsnes, Oie, Hellesylt, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Laerdal, Aardal, Laerdal, Gudvangen, Bergen. 14 days. Fares from 21 gns.

JULY 31 Havre, Gothenburg, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Gdynia, Zoppot, Copenhagen. 14 days. Fares from 21 gns.

The attractive P. & O. booklet giving details of nineteen Spring and Summer Cruises may be had on application.

P&O

LONDON OFFICES:
14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1.
130, LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.3.
AUSTRALIA HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2
or Local Agents.

VISIT PARIS DURING THE BIG SEASON

AMAZING TRAVELLING FACILITIES

Presentation of Molière's Masterpieces in the Courtyard of the Louvre

Repetition of the True Mystery of the Passion in the Square of Notre-Dame

Long, Symbolical Procession of "France at Work"

Many other Celebrations

ALL INFORMATION MAY BE OBTAINED FROM TRAVEL AGENCIES

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—The Spa Hotel. 'Phone 4224-5.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford (nr. Minehead, W. Som.).—Crown Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Shaldon (Sth Devon).—Undercliff Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel. Tel. Sloane 4521.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming pool. First-class residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Du Rhin. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—First class. Splendid situation. Rooms including Dutch breakfast from Fl. 4.50 upwards.

Amsterdam.—Bracks Doelen Hotel.—First class, quiet location, 120 beds, 40 bathrooms. From Fl. 4–5, including breakfast.

Amsterdam.—Hotel de l'Europe.—First class. 120 rooms, 40 bathrooms. Rooms from Fl. 4.50 (breakfast included).

Noordwijk.—Grand Hotel Huis Ter Duin.—500 beds. Best position facing sea. Golf, tennis, sunbathing, beautiful beach.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mks. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pens. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Grand Hotel Kaiserhof.—300 beds. 1st class in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water. Swmg.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

LE TOUQUET EASTER

HOTEL DES ANGLAIS
in forest adjoining Casino.
EVERY POSSIBLE COMFORT.

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT
CREAGDHU HOTEL
ONICH
NORTH BALLACHULISH
THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A. *Tel.: ONICH 38*

FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY
On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own Bathing Beach and garden produce. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Fishing for those who desire it.
FULLY LICENSED.

LENINGRAD — HOTELS ASTORIA and EUROPE

The hotels with every modern comfort.
Full details from leading travel agencies, or
Intourist Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2

Fares: London–Zagreb, 1st class return, approx. £30

Currency: £1 = approx. 215 dinar

Unspoilt Jugoslavia

Ideal Holiday Resorts in Slovenia, Dalmatia, and Herzegovina

THIS is truly a springtime land; a land of flowers and blossoms, of meadows and mountain pastures; of old world, out of the way cities—and one, at least, that is very modern and progressive; a land where national costumes are still worn and folk songs are still sung without reference to the possible interest of tourists; a land of which the coastline is amongst the most beautiful in the world.

Many people are familiar with this coastline since cruising made it accessible even to the least ambitious traveller, but though excursions ashore from ports such as Split and Dubrovnik (better known to pre-war visitors as Spalato and Ragusa), may give one a series of lovely glimpses, the real fascination of Jugoslavia is something that cannot be grasped just superficially. Like most countries, only perhaps rather more than most, it "grows" on one; it possesses an idyllic quality that is rare in the modern world, and infinitely refreshing.

Such is the reward of its comparative inaccessibility. A country's reputation for being difficult to get to dies hard, and Jugoslavia was not particularly easy to get to until a few years ago, when European train services started to improve and train fares to come down. From Paris to Zagreb takes twenty-eight hours, from Paris to Ljubljana rather less. Zagreb, of course, is the modern and progressive town referred to above. It was formerly the capital of Croatia and retains to-day the character of a capital city, with its fine public buildings, its university, its busy streets, and the huge hotel, only recently completed, which is a model for the whole of central Europe. At the same time, it possesses a certain air of quaint provincialism: there are old buildings, old courtyards that one comes upon suddenly, mellowed by centuries of bright sunshine, quiet retreats where the spirit of the past lives on undisturbed. Then there is the market place, where the peasants in their full-skirted national dress, with brightly coloured kerchiefs on their heads (the married women wear them tied under the chin, the girls tied above the neck at the back) present a picture as vivid and animated as any ballet scene. Incidentally, the Ethnographical Museum at Zagreb has a marvellous collection of peasant costumes.

AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM OF THE CROATIAN CAPITAL: St. Mark's, Zagreb, with the roof bearing the arms of the city (right), and of the province (left). King Bela IV of Hungary rebuilt this Gothic church after the invasion of the Tartars in the thirteenth century, and it stands in St. Mark's Square, which has viewed the whole pageant of Croatia's stirring history

Ljubljana is the centre from which to explore Slovenia, with its well-known spas of Bled and Bohing, as well as a number of smaller places that are no less beautiful. The charms of Bled are well enough known in England now, for it was while staying there that the Duke of Kent became engaged. It is mountainous and thickly forested. The lakes of Bled and Bohing are marvellously clear and still, and reflect the dark green of the surrounding trees with a curious intensity. They are perfect holiday places for midsummer, when the days are long and warm, and although people are talking about them and going back there every year (hotel accommodation is more than adequate—in some cases it is luxurious), the country round about still gives one the pleasant illusion of being almost the first person to have discovered it.

From Zagreb or Ljubljana, the Jugoslav tourist organisations generally recommend visitors, and I think quite rightly, to proceed to Susak (some five hours by train from Zagreb) and then go by boat down the coast. It is possible to go through by train straight to Venice in the first place, and from there to get a boat, but that means missing Slovenia, and my own feeling is that Slovenia should on no account be missed.

The other place that I feel equally strongly should not be missed is Sarajevo. Apart from—or should one perhaps say, in spite of—the macabre interest which attaches to the name, this little town, more than half Oriental in its aspect, set in an amphitheatre of hills, is one of the most charming places imaginable. It is odd to reflect that there the blow was struck, twenty-two years ago, which broke up a world.

During those twenty-two years Europe as a whole has been transformed almost beyond recognition. Sarajevo, however, has remained very much the same. The "modern" town and the old Turkish town are virtually quite separate from one another, but it is the spirit of the latter that predominates, and one feels one would never tire of wandering through those narrow, winding streets, or of exploring the Turkish market, where the salesmen squat on carpets, and where there is an indefinable and not unpleasant smell that afterwards one can neither quite remember nor quite forget. I think, actually, it is in the smell of the sticky sweets which they make there combined with the smell of Turkish coffee.

Sarajevo is within reasonable motoring distance of both Split and Dubrovnik, and there is a regular road service from both these places (it is a fine drive) and also a railway service from Dubrovnik. Although these are the two best known places on the Dalmatian coast, and the two which all the cruising liners visit, almost every inch of it is equally worth visiting. Rab, for instance, four hours south of Susak, is an island of great beauty and a splendid place for bathing, from towards the end of April until late into October. There is a number of good hotels there, none of which is particularly expensive, and it is a good centre for all sorts of interesting excursions.

ROYAL RETREAT IN THE SLOVENIAN ALPS: The church at Bled and, perched high above on a rocky pinnacle, a castle home of young King Peter of Jugoslavia

Much farther south, again, the Boka Kotorska (Bay of Kotor) presents a very different type of scenery; an inland fjord with huge mountains dropping sheer down on all sides, and only a narrow strip of rich vegetation between them and the water's edge, where are set little miniature towns and villages which are full of unexpected architectural gems. Down here the hotels are much simpler and fewer than in the more popular north, but the Bosnians are friendly people, and to anybody who is prepared to face the possible discomforts of a picturesque holiday off the beaten track, southern Jugoslavia offers great possibilities.

Richard Nowell

Travel Notes of the Week

Answers to Enquiries

L., Lancs. (Portugal and France).—The leading hotel in Estoril is the Palacio which is an exceptionally fine establishment. You will find the weather in June ideal, for it would be sunny and hot, though there is always a refreshing sea breeze, the climate being bracing. There is a casino in Estoril, a golf course, tennis courts, and a good beach, while the surrounding country is attractive and offers scope for interesting excursions. The town is connected with Lisbon by electric railway, the journey taking thirty minutes. You could travel to Lisbon by Royal Mail Line from Southampton, or by Blue Star Line from London, the return first class fare by either line in June being £18. The Yeoward Line and the Booth Line have sailings from Liverpool to Lisbon. If you are travelling down to the Riviera by day train from Paris you would be well advised to stay the night at the Hotel Terminus at the Gare de Lyon as the day train to the Riviera during the summer months leaves Paris about 8 o'clock in the morning, arriving at Cannes at about 10.42 in the evening. We can recommend the Hotel des Anglais in Cannes.

H., Cheshire (Estonia).—The United Baltic Co., of 158 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. run a weekly service from London to Tallin, the return tourist class fare being £14. Passengers are not taken by every sailing so that you should enquire in advance concerning this. The Finland Line runs a weekly service from Hull to Helsingfors, the return tourist class fare being £9 10s. The crossing from Helsingfors to Tallin is but a short one and inexpensive. The cost of living in Estonia is low, and your hotel expenses need not exceed 10s. per day. The hotels are simple in style but very clean, the food usually being of the best. There are at present about eighteen Estonian kronen to the £, the rate of exchange not having varied much in the last few years.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

McC., London (Ireland and Majorca).—There is a 9-hole golf course at Greencastle, Co. Donegal. Two comfortable hotels there are the Drumaweir and the Fort, both of which charge about 12s. 6d. per day. There are two golf courses on the island of Majorca, though neither of them is near Palma, the capital, but situated on the north side of the island. One is attached to the Hotel Formentor, prices there during the summer ranging from about £1 per day. The other course is at Alcudia, and though it was but a 9-hole one last year, it may possibly have been extended to a further 9 holes by the coming summer. The Hotel Miramar at Alcudia Port is more simple than the Formentor, prices ranging from about 12s. per day.

M., Majorca (Dalmatia).—Full information concerning the renting of villas in Dalmatia can be had from the Jugoslav Express Agency, 25, Cockspur Street, London, W.1, or from the offices of the Putnik Tourist Association, Kolarceva I/1, Belgrade, Jugoslavia. Should you be travelling direct from Majorca to Dalmatia you could go by Orient Line or American Export Line from Palma to Naples, and there take one of the Italian boats going round to Trieste or Venice, these boats occasionally calling at Dalmatian ports. From England you could travel by one of the cargo boats of the Ellerman Line to Patras, from where there is a regular weekly steamer service up the Dalmatian coast. The 2nd class single fare from London to Trieste via Ostende, Luxembourg, Bâle, and the Simplon is £9 3s. 3d. There are daily sailings from Trieste or Fiume to the most important Dalmatian ports.

THE SPA HOTEL

enjoys the best position in **BATH.** It stands in its own beautiful grounds of nine acres. Hot and Cold Running Water. Luxurious Private Suites. Rooms, Doubles and Singles with Private Baths. En Pension Terms from **6 gns.** per week.

Telephone: Bath 4224|5|6 (3 lines).
Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."
For Tariff apply to Manager.

GOLF COURSE WITHIN FOUR MINUTES OF THE HOTEL

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

FINEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT.

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of 3 acres. First-class Cooking, Wines, and Service. Bedrooms with running water, electric fires or hot water radiators. Garage for 30 cars. Tel. 40.

MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

An impression of royal elegance . . . an aroma of fine living . . . a vision of marine splendour . . . a certainty of peerless service . . . such things are resonant in the atmosphere of

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

A choice of first-class golf courses, a country house in beautiful surroundings, lawns with a glorious view over Studland Bay, superbly prepared meals . . . such things ARE the atmosphere of Canford Cliffs Hotel, Bournemouth. Illustrated brochure with inclusive terms upon application.

For those golfers who like a glass of Kümmel after lunch, for those gentlemen of the City who like a sea view with bathroom attached, for those ladies who like playing bridge in a setting reminiscent of the Italian Renaissance, the

CHINE HOTEL

BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH

solves the problem of a summer residence or a week-end on the South Coast. Colour, space, warmth and gaiety are what distinguish this hotel with its magnificent public rooms commanding vast views over the Channel, and a bill of fare which cannot fail to stimulate the most ascetic.

For specimen menus and terms write to Mr. James Millar, Resident Proprietor.

CARLYON BAY—South Cornwall's New Sporting Resort.

Mean Winter temperature within 1° of Cannes.

Golf. Covered and Open-Air Tennis. Squash Rackets. Hunting (3 Packs). Shooting. Fishing. Badminton.

GLORIOUS SEA COAST.

THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL

(St. Austell Bay Hotel)

THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL

THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB
THE CARLYON BAY GOLF CLUB

Also a few small modern furnished houses, commanding magnificent sea views, to be let.

For full particulars apply to Dept. S, General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198; or to London Office, 12A, Charterhouse Sq., E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

SEE DEVON

—as it is by car! And as it was at the

Royal Clarence Hotel

A.A. EXETER R.A.C.

. . . your first stopping place from London, A beautiful old Coaching House, whose walls reckon history in generations. Its comfort, its kitchens and its cellar spell solace to the weary traveller. Lift to all floors . . . running water. *Telephone: 4071-2. Telegrams: Royal Clarence, Exeter.* PLEASE WRITE FOR TARIFF AND ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

HASTINGS—QUEEN'S HOTEL

Leading and Best

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

Telephone: Hastings 201. *Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."*

In Quest o

'Twixt Downland a
Spots on t

NO other Downs have the same lure as these Sussex Downs, this 60-mile stretch, with its Rings, its Beacons, its springy turf, curious dew-ponds and its slopes, sometimes wooded, sometimes bare, but always beautiful.

You may ride, hike, or motor on or around them, but you can never say that you know the Downs as a whole.

Fortunate are those South Coast towns which can boast of the Downs and the Sea. Clean well-planned Eastbourne, with its as fine a collection of hotels as you will find anywhere—the beginning or the end of the Downs.

Seaford, perched on the side of the Downs, a place which I rather fancy would prefer to remain 'unsophisticated'; but sunshine, schools, the passing of the steam train for electric, must have their inevitable effect, and the Seaford of to-day will not recognise the Seaford of to-morrow.

Brighton and Hove too claim a share of the Downs. The tentacles of the municipalities extend right on to the Downs almost as far as the Devil's Dyke.

Turning off the London-Brighton Road near Poynings you can run along the foot of the Downs through Edburton, Fulking, and on to Bramber.

At Worthing the outlying residential portions are already intruding on the Downs near Cissbury, and Worthing will be found a good centre for visiting Chanctonbury Ring, Findon, Storrington, and other villages which lie under the northern slopes of the Downs.

From Littlehampton one finds Arundel the nearest Downland point, whilst at Bognor the Downs have receded still farther into the background.

But it is 'twixt Eastbourne and Brighton alone that these rolling slopes terminate abruptly in the sea, with Beachy and Seaford Heads and the Seven Sisters as land marks and permanent sitters for the photographers.

The coast road has been so "improved," and there are so few "30-mile limits" that there is a natural tendency on the part of motorists to cover these miles with foot well pressed on the accelerator, and by doing so, many have unwittingly passed through Rottingdean without realising that the unspoilt village of Old Rottingdean lies but a few yards off the main road, and shelters what is often described as "The loveliest place on the South Coast"—the Tudor Close Hotel.

For anyone who is fond of the sea, and has—or would have—that lure of the Downs, I can imagine no more tranquil spot than this really beautiful half-timbered hotel—much of it genuinely old, and even the new cleverly blended, all architecturally perfect, where, on busy days, even Bank Holidays, you will hear nothing but the cooing of the doves.

A Good Address

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London, directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy at the

ALEXANDRA HOTEL

HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, S.W.1

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Garage adjacent. Telephone: SLOane 4521 (10 lines)

HEADLAND NEWQUAY

If you want a perfect holiday this year, write now for our new Book of photographic studies. It will convince you in pictures what no one could describe in words! 120 Bedrooms to choose from, all with Sea Views, or Private Suites. Black and Silver Ballroom—Philip Brown's Band. Terms from **5 Gns.** a week, May and June.
Telephone: NEWQUAY 511 (3 lines). *Telegrams: "HEADLAND, NEWQUAY."*

THE GRAND HOTEL CROMER

faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor garage, with private lock-ups.

Phone: Cromer 24. *Apply Manager.*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

ea—Some Picturesque outh Coast

the hum of the bees, and the song of the birds.

What a perfect place to which to escape for a week-end or longer, for there need be no lurking fear of boredom once the novelty of restfulness has worn off, for when one feels "up and doing" there are the Downs at the door, golf, tennis and bathing easily to hand. And when the town dweller feels the urge for crowds, cinemas, and car dodging, Brighton is not ten minutes away by car, and London only an hour by electric train.

In its picturesqueness nothing at Tudor Close has been sacrificed for the practical side of comfort; actually it is rather the reverse—instead of a large "spacious" lounge of the type of the average first-class hotel, you will find a series of smaller, more intimate lounges, where log fires and cosiness reign supreme on those days when spring sufficiently forgets herself to allow winter to intrude once more.

The dining room is very conducive to the full enjoyment of those important tasks of eating and drinking, and the chef and wine steward assume, rightly or wrongly, that you too are appreciative of such tasks and give of their best accordingly. And the furnishing of your room makes you feel that it is definitely *yours*. Sleep does not seem "hard to come by" in such surroundings. There is every inducement for good nights, and as a consequence good mornings.

And if you or yours are contemplating the ideal honeymoon place—*c'est ici!*

Next time you are in the neighbourhood you should certainly pay Tudor Close a visit, as you cannot really appreciate its attractiveness to the full until you have stayed there. It is certainly an excellent headquarters for exploring the Downs east of Brighton, and with a car, even farther afield.

But if you should feel bent on Downland exploration proper, along their whole length from Midhurst to Eastbourne, I can tell you of a number of other places at which to halt.

Do you know the hotel where, in summer time, you will find a varlet on duty outside the front door dressed in Cromwellian attire? Have you discovered an hotel, most attractive, named The Roundabout, not 100 miles from Storrington? The Chequers, once an old coaching inn and now a delightful guest and tea house? The Old Forge, Beam Ends, Kiln Cottage, Drusillas, Pear Tree Farm, and The Warming Pan, six very popular tea and luncheon places? And do you know the hotel at Lewes where gourmets and lovers of good furniture and furnishings assemble in ever-growing numbers?

On and around the Sussex Downs there is plentiful scope for exploration, with many choice finds at which to eat and sleep—so good hunting!

Big Occasions

Apart from Southport's permanent attractions both in and out of doors, there is nearly always something special on to justify throwing a party, and where better thrown than at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL

THE HUB OF SOCIAL SOUTHPORT

7 golf courses, countless cinemas, theatres, clubs, concerts . . . and at the week-end a glorious crescendo of activity culminating in the Saturday night dance at the Prince. Write to H. Gascoigne for details. Telephones: 4131.

THE SPA HOTEL

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

The Holiday Spirit will be prevalent at the SPA HOTEL, Tunbridge Wells, at Easter time. Dancing to a good band on an excellent floor. Golf adjoining the Hotel . . . the annual Easter Bogey Competition is always fiercely contested . . . and on Easter Monday the Eridge Hunt Meeting, quite one of the jolliest point-to-points.

400 ft. up . . . facing South and the sun. An excellent centre for visiting the Garden of Kent and the Sussex Downs. Write to S. Hancock, Resident Director. Phone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

CADOGAN HOTEL

***SLOANE STREET* LONDON**

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking Gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service. Fully licensed.

Telephone: Sloane 7141. *Telegrams: 'Nagodac, Knights, London.'*

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

Illustrated brochure free on request.

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Self-contained Suites
Billiards
Lift
Lock-up Garages

First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter Running Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11

Touring the New Forest?

Most motorists make the Polygon Hotel, Southampton, their headquarters for a tour of the New Forest. It is very central, yet entirely quiet and restful—for it is away from the noise of streets and traffic in its own private garden.

THE POLYGON HOTEL

SOUTHAMPTON

A.A. R.A.C.

with 80 bedrooms, a comfortable first-class hotel—homely and very moderate in its terms. (Many people go out of their way to praise its food). Tariff from J. Dowland, Manager.

THE TORQUAY HYDRO HOTEL

(FULLY LICENSED)

Magnificently placed on the cliffs at Daddyhole Plain, is world-famous for its quiet dignity and efficiency; it provides that delightful atmosphere of tone which embraces artistic surroundings and the connoisseur's need—"PERFECT SERVICE."

Removed from all traffic and noise, it is within easy distance of Medical and Swimming Baths.

SPECIAL DIET PROVIDED IF REQUIRED.

Hard Tennis Courts and Croquet Lawns. Two excellent Golf Courses near. Garage. Tel. 2207

What appeals to one at Lincombe Hall, the lovely Garden Hotel of Torquay, is the smoothly running wheels of management . . . manifested in the excellent cooking . . . also the personal service of a most willing staff even to the minutest details.

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL

TORQUAY

Large private grounds. Every modern convenience in the bedrooms. Modern garage. Hotel coach meeting all trains and at the disposal of visitors for shopping, cinemas, theatres, etc. Sunny public rooms. Write to R. S. Paul for brochure and Easter programme.

YOU WILL REMEMBER your visit to **ROSLIN HALL**—the comfort of cosy lounges—the delight of good food—the unobtrusive efficiency of the staff (truly)—we are a happy sea view hotel, even when it rains.

TORQUAY 4373

COME TO THE SOUTH coast this Spring and enjoy a perfect holiday at the

ADELPHI HOTEL ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

facing gardens and promenade . . . a first class Hotel with a remarkably modest tariff. Charming motor runs and every kind of sport and amusement. 100 rooms. H. & C. water, central heating. Large Garage. Ballroom. Write to Resident Proprietor.

The Crusade against CANCER

£150,000 URGENTLY REQUIRED

The Committee earnestly appeals for £150,000 to provide the following much needed extensions:

1. **EXTENSION TO THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE.** The Cancer Hospital Research Institute is one of the leading Cancer Research Centres in the World, but the work needs to be carried out more extensively and intensively.
2. **ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS.** The Cancer Hospital was built in 1851. Many of the wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernized.
3. **NURSES' HOME.** A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing staff.

Without these necessary and long deferred extensions the work of the Doctors and Scientists must suffer restriction.

PLEASE SEND AN EASTER GIFT TO THE EARL OF GRANARD

The Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 3.

Printers' Pension Almshouse & Orphan Asylum Corporation

Offices: HANOVER HOUSE, 73-78, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. 1

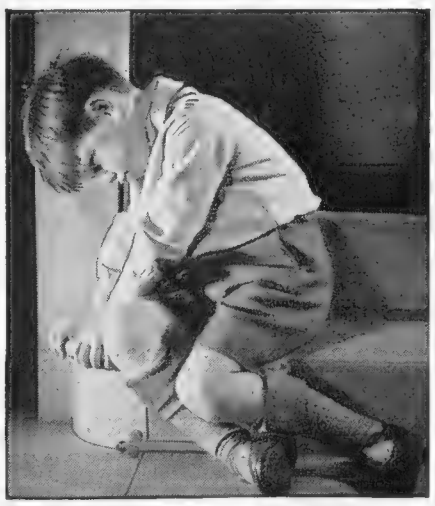
Telephone: **Chancery 8548 (2 lines).**

Robert H. Lucas, *Secretary.*

This great and useful Institution is now in pressing need of funds, in order that its assistance may be spread over as large a number of beneficiaries as possible. The extent of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that it distributes no less than £47,000 a year amongst 1897 recipients, aged printers and widows, orphan children and almshouse inmates. At the forthcoming election over 500 necessitous candidates, both men and women, are seeking its help, all of them deserving because during their working life they subscribed to the funds, a principle of thrift which should commend the work to the generous consideration of every one who believes in helping those who help themselves. No Orphan has ever been refused.

500 Guineas creates a pension which can be named after the donor, a most suitable method of perpetuating a name or a memory.

Contributions gratefully received and further information gladly given by the Secretary.



"What is wrong little man?"

The very persons to whom he looks for love and guidance have failed him. More frequently than is supposed, little lives are being marred by brutal and neglectful parents and guardians. Will you help to protect children from ill-treatment through the N.S.P.C.C.?

N·S·P·C·C

PLEASE SEND AN EASTER GIFT

to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director, Wm. J. Elliott, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent.

But the Greatest of These . . .

CHARITABLE CAUSES DESER

There is hardly a home in England that has not heard the name of the Shaftesbur Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, which society has for the past ninet three years been engaged in training, educating, and maintaining destitute orphaned children, thus giving them a good chance in life, with an opportunit to make good. Most people know, too, how this work grew from one small roo over a cowshed in the Seven Dials to six homes and a training ship. For t benefit of any who may not be familiar with the work, we give a brief account the work carried on. The Training Ship *Arethusa*, lying off Upnor, near Rochest has 240 sturdy young British Jacks on board training for a sea life, with opportunity of passing through the Advanc Navy Class, and thus taking a big step toward becoming A.B. seamen. At 100, East India Do Road, Poplar, there is a hostel where boys in Merchant Service can obtain assistance in securi berths and have a home between voyages. the country at Royston there is a home for sever little boys aged five to eight-and-a-half. Whe old enough they are transferred either Fortescue House, Twickenham (148 boys) or to Bisley School, near Woki (315 boys). Here they not only receive a good education, but are prepared f a definite trade or calling, e.g., carpenters, tailors, or any other work whi they wish to take up, or for which they may have some natural aptitude. Newport Market Army Bands School, Orpington, eighty boys are given prelimina training to fit them to become Army bandsmen.

"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

* * *

The splendid work of this society was commenced seventy-four years ago, and h benefited the poor in all parts of the country; supplying suitable surgi appliances by the use of which great numbers have been enabled to retain or regai their employment. The last Annual Report contains a number of letters of thank from men and women whose urgent needs have been met. Here is one, typical many. "My heart is too full for words to express my thanks. I would also a you to accept the thanks of my dear old wife wh when the leg came this morning, wept for j May God bless you, and all the British hear that give to many like myself; otherwise w would often be wrecks uncared for." The write J. K., aged fifty-eight, lost a leg in a collier accident. He received no compensation, as t colliery went into liquidation. He was fitted wit an artificial leg, the Society granting the mon needed. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary, Roy l Surgi Aid Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, to whom contributio should be addressed.

ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

* * *

Working for the spiritual, moral, and temporal welfare of the poor o Stepne Mile End, Bethnal Green and the vicinity, this well-known mission co ducts its efforts from seven Centres all the year round, on week days as well as Sundays. Those most familiar with the districts mentioned will ost ful understand the problems they prese and wide-spread amount of poverty and di tress p vailing. While the Mission never ne lects care for adults in need, it is upon the child that it concentrates the greater p t of endeavours. During the trying months of win 53,000 breakfasts were provided for h ngry E London youngsters. During the summer 17 boys and girls will be given a day's outing the sea or in the country. The fact that 26,000 people use the variou Missi premises every week is a striking proof of the grip the Mission has upon the ne bourhood. The Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent, will be glad to give fur information and to acknowledge much needed contributions. His address Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E. 1.

EAST END MISSION

* * *

Another most deserving cause is the Waifs and Strays Society the objects of wh are to rescue little children who are orphaned, homeless, cruelly treated in moral danger, and to relieve overburde homes; to prevent such children from drif into lawlessness and crime, and to bring t up to be self-supporting, self-respecting, G fearing men and women and useful member the community. There are 106 homes in diffe parts of England and Wales, including bo girls', eight for babies, six for cripples, indust training, convalescent. There is also one ho in Canada. The address of the Society is Old Town Hall, Kenning S.E.11.

WAIFS AND STRAYS

HERE is a problem. Will you consider it? There are a large number of Social Welfare workers labouring among the very poor in East London.

What would happen if they left their posts

and went to other spheres in brighter surroundings? The answer is clear. The loss to the poor would be irreparable, and the danger to London irremediable. Please assist us to "hold the fort" and maintain all our spiritual and philanthropic efforts. Send a contribution to-day, if possible, to the Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent,

The East End MISSION

STEPNEY CENTRAL HALL, Commercial Rd., London, E. 1.

ALF, SARAH and the LITTLE 'UN will be grateful for your response.

"The East End Star," the monthly magazine of the Mission, sent free on application. Full of fascinating articles and pictures of East End life.

NG OF YOUR KINDNESS

A Thought for the Needy at Eastertide

Anything that contributes to the well-being of the nation's youth deserves the support of all right-thinking people. We live in an age when the value of child-life has never been more definitely understood. Many, however, still fail to appreciate the great contribution the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has made and is always making towards the advancement of the welfare of our youngest citizens. It has agencies in every part of the country, and exercises a vast influence in securing proper treatment for suffering children. When regard is had to the fact that nearly 4,500,000 ill-treated children have come under its protection, to their life-long advantage, the society can very rightly claim to have added its substantial quota to the physical, mental, and moral progress of the nation. The society, therefore, deserves to be remembered in the widest sense as a silent force which, day in and day out, serves our land in the best interests of humanity and virile citizenship. Gifts towards the maintenance of this national work will be welcomed by Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

N.S.P.C.C.

* * *

Spring is the Mother of New Life. The early flowers are peeping above the ground and the laughter of children is heard as they romp in the freedom of the out-of-doors. The laughter of children! But what of those who have never learned to laugh? Those little ones whose tender years have been crossed by bitterness? With their family of over 8,000 destitute children, Dr. Barnardo's Homes come to mind. Who has not heard of this great work—the largest family in the world, protected and raised to sturdy and independent manhood and womanhood, fired with ideals which will serve each one in life. Under their Charter "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission," Dr. Barnardo's Homes have, since the year 1866, given a real home and mothering to more than 118,000 destitute babies and children; five newcomers are admitted daily; 1,455 are toddlers under five years of age; many are cripples or are handicapped in other ways. 25,000 meals have to be provided every day to feed this enormous family—over 9,000,000 each year! 10s. will feed one Barnardo child for a fortnight. Easter Gifts should be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

* * *

For over a century the Printers' Pension Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation has provided pensions for aged and infirm craftsmen and their widows, and for over seventy-five years has acted as foster-father to the little orphans of deceased printers. Owing to prolonged trade depression the Corporation finds its reserves totally inadequate to meet the ever-growing demand made upon its funds. Many of the candidates are widows who in some cases have no income of any sort, whilst the majority have only the Old Age Pension of 10s. a week to live upon. In addition to these most distressing cases the work amongst the orphan children has also to be sustained. To help the Corporation to provide additional pensions so that a larger number of these widows may be satisfied, funds are urgently needed. Will you give a trifle? Send it to the Secretary, Robert H. Lucas, Hanover House, 73-78, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, who will be pleased to forward fuller information of the work of this old charity.

PRINTERS' PENSION

* * *

The science of health has achieved more in recent years than ever before, but cancer still remains a grim and malignant enemy stalking in our midst. By helping those of its victims who are patients at the Cancer Hospital you would not only be performing the primary good office of giving help where help is needed, but contributing something towards the ultimate conquest of the disease. Apart from the research work being carried out in the laboratories, poor patients enjoy the benefit of the most up-to-date appliances and skilled attention without any charge, and there is even a certain number of beds reserved for those who, although incurable, may yet be relieved of suffering in their last days. Any subscription will be fully appreciated. The address is Fulham Road, S.W.

CANCER HOSPITAL

8,000

Orphan and Destitute Boys and Girls always being supported and prepared for an industrious and self-reliant future.

EASTER OFFERINGS

are earnestly asked for to maintain the Charter of the Homes "No destitute child ever refused admission."

10/- will feed one child for a fortnight.

£35 will support a healthy child for one year.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" and crossed, should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

WILL YOU HELP TO TRANSFER HIM FROM DESOLATION TO A GOOD HOME, WHERE HE WILL BE WELL FED, CLOTHED AND EDUCATED, AND TRAINED TO BE A USEFUL CITIZEN?

How he comes to us.

During the last 93 years 33,500 poor boys and girls have passed through the Society's Homes and Training Ship.

THE CHILDREN WE TRAIN ARE THE COMING GENERATION.

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO HELP THIS GREAT WORK.

Patron: H.M. The King.

How he leaves us.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Coming a "Cropper" . . .

is, fortunately, a not too frequent occurrence on the hunting field. When accidents do happen they are usually remedied by skilled surgical aid.

In life's race the effects of a "cropper" are often more far-reaching, especially when they mean loss of limb to a *poor* person.

By means of "Letters" the needy are enabled to secure surgical appliances without which they would be unable to pursue their means of livelihood.

One guinea pays for four "Letters"

which are of practical use to the holder as, upon presentation, they ensure the exact type of appliance being provided.

KINDLY COMMUNICATE WITH, OR SEND A DONATION TO, THE SECRETARY.

ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

HEAD OFFICE: SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

The Springtime of Life

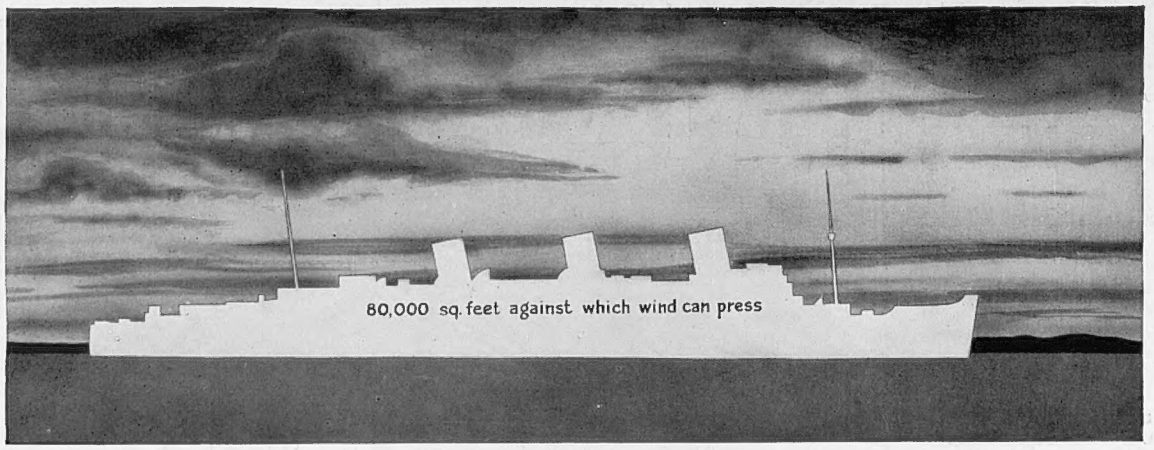
Think of the great army of little ones who stand where your children stand, at the beginning of life, but in the midst of poverty, neglect and unhappiness.

4,500 CHILDREN NOW IN OUR HOMES

Will you please send an EASTER GIFT to the Secretary,

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11



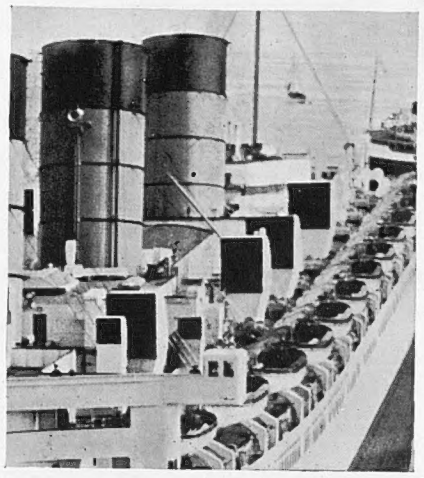
A PROBLEM OF WIND RESISTANCE: In the open sea the *Queen Mary* has demonstrated that she can be manœuvred as easily as any craft, but it was only to be expected that she would encounter difficulties round the bends of the Clyde where there was only just sufficient "elbow room" for her great bulk. Not the least of the pilot's concerns was the fact that her hull was subject to enormous wind pressures, and the table reproduced on this page gives some idea of their force

The "Queen Mary's" Homecoming

For five eventful years, as *No. 534*, the *Queen Mary* has shared the hopes, tragedies, and the triumph of Clydeside. No wonder that when she was reluctantly but proudly manœuvred out of the builders' dock, flanked by a forest of cranes on one side and green cornfields on the other, the proud cheers and speechless wonder of the throngs of spectators were tinged with sadness. She was leaving her birthplace probably never to return.

No flags were flying, ships were not dressed, as on the royal occasion of her launch, but Mother Nature did her best to mix her clouds with bright spring sunshine on the superb masterpiece as she slowly glided down the ever widening and increasingly lovely banks of the Clyde.

Her reception at the queen of southern ports was equally typical. Here she was coming as a regular and honoured visitor, to add prestige to the greatest ocean travelling passenger port of Britain, to bring trade and prosperity to her teeming cosmopolitan population—a great and wonderful gift from Clydeside.



A CURIOUS FEATURE OF THE "QUEEN MARY": The row of square ventilators is unusually prominent on her decks

Hence everywhere flags and bunting of brilliant colours fluttered in the fresh southerly breeze, every ship in port and the adjacent docks was dressed in gay display from stem to stern. Bands played, crowds cheered, and sirens blared as the floating palace slowly made her stately progress up the Solent into Southampton Water and skilfully entered the narrow stone walls of the mammoth King George V Dock.

Pleasure steamers packed with fresh sightseers followed in her wake, tiny sailing and motor craft swarmed on either side of the reserved channel, while aircraft circled and zoomed overhead surrounded by great sea-birds which seemed to emulate them in the apparently effortless gliding of their motionless wings.

A passing shower cleared the air, fresh sea breezes scattered the grey clouds, and the glorious sun broke through on the shimmering waters splashing the whole scene with light and life; those waters which had in past days witnessed the coming and going of the slave-propelled galleys of ancient Rome and Spain, the Saxon and the Dane, while the crumbled stone walls and ramparts of medieval times looked silently on the stirring scene.

This then was to be her permanent home, surrounded by world-famed ships of all nations whose proud records she was soon to surpass in friendly rivalry as the supreme Queen of the Seas.

Edwin H. Judd

Wind Pressure on the "Queen Mary's" Hull

M.P.H. of wind	10	20	30	40
Pressure in lbs. on each sq. ft. of hull	½	2	4½	8
Total pressure in tons on "Queen Mary's" hull	18	70	160	290

The above figures are only approximate

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU, the noted novelist, seen with his wife as he opened Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Cured a cold "in no time"

"I have just recovered from an irritating cold and, thanks to your wonderful Vapex, it was cured in no time. The Inhalant is as effective as it is pleasant. I shall surely recommend it to my friends."

J. L., Paisley.

Breathe the vapour from your handkerchief by day or your pillow at night. Vapex gives instant relief; it clears the head and kills the germs which cause the trouble. It is the safest, surest, most rapid remedy . . . 20 years of world-wide use have proved its worth.

VAPEX

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

V 145

AVENUE HOTEL HARROGATE — *for the "CURE" and the EPICURE!*
A very attractive hotel in the north. Close Baths, principal Shops, etc. Excellent food, and special "Cure" diets, if desired. Comfortably furnished rooms. Pleasant restful atmosphere. From £4 4 0 weekly. Illustrated brochure "M" on request.

Give "TONE" to your MOTORING BY OWNING AN AC
AC (ACEDES) CARS LTD., 107, PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1
'Phone: MAYFAIR 3638

Treasure from Scotland

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF *The Sphere*

Revised from January 1st, 1935

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, no extras.	Three months, no extras.
INLAND ...	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 10 5	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
CANADA ...	3 0 8	1 10 4	1 9 3	14 9
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	3 5 6	1 14 0	1 11 8	15 10

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of *The Sphere*,
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Please send me The Sphere *weekly for* _____ *months, commencing with the issue of* _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Date _____ *1936*

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street,
London, W.1.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by Eyre & Spottiswoode Limited, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*April* 4, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

"FOR GOLFERS ONLY"

• • •

An all-the-year GOLF SUPPLEMENT FOR THE HANDICAP PLAYER

• • •

Contributors will include:

R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW — BOBBIE JONES — PETER LAWLESS — ARCHIE COMPSTON — C. S. EVERARD GUY B. FARRAR — GEORGE C. NASH — FRED ROBSON

ETC.

★ **UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHY – AUTHORITATIVE ARTICLES – CLUB NEWS** ★

The NEWEST FEATURE IN BRITISH GOLF JOURNALISM

THE

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

APRIL 3 — *BUY IT NOW — YOU WILL BUY IT ALWAYS*

WHEN BACKING A HORSE IN YOUR OWN HOME—

Tell "Duggie" all about it!

You'll find him at STUART HOUSE, LONDON

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*April* 4, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1905.